

DORSET ESTATE IN WAR-TIME (Illustrated).
WILLIAM BLAKE: FOR FEW OR ALL? By Frank Rinder.

COUNTRY LIFE

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VOL. XLIII.—No. 1105.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9th, 1918.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON, K.C.B., D.S.O.
Director-General of Military Aeronautics and a Member of the Joint War Air Committee.
From a drawing by Francis Dodd, one of the British Official Artists.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
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OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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THE FARM AND THE TIED COTTAGE

COUNTRY people have been recently developing a new and keen interest in the provision of cottages for farm labourers. They recognise that the continuous increase of ploughland and of intensive cultivation adds to the number of farm hands required, and, consequently, to the need of more houses for them. In addition, strenuous efforts are being made to find or form rural industries. These are not of the old cottage description. Lace-making and its like do not answer to the requirements. A rural industry meant to tempt large numbers to stay in the village instead of migrating to the town must involve the setting up of factories with appropriate machinery. But this involves a housing plan far transcending in importance one meant only to lodge those engaged in husbandry. If the grandiose official scheme be meant to supply the industrial needs of the village it is not a whit too ambitious. As, however, the hands must be well paid, since otherwise the village factory could not keep them, their wants would probably be met by commercial enterprise. Builders and contractors will tumble over one another in eagerness to get the orders.

It happened, however, that the rural housing scheme was ushered into being by a flare of trumpets and a denunciation of what is called the "tied cottage." Wherefore we would fain reduce this complex problem to the simple factors of

which it is composed. And first the phrase "tied cottage" bears with it a *suggestio falsi*. In other words, it suggests a relationship with the tied public-house, whereas none exists. A tied public-house is one bound to sell the beer or spirits of the particular brewer or distiller to whom it belongs; a so-called tied cottage is tied only in the sense that it goes with employment. There is nothing peculiar to husbandry in that arrangement, which is common in all classes of English society. A bishop has his palace, a rector his rectory, a schoolmaster his schoolhouse, a Cabinet Minister his residence in Downing Street as long as he holds his office and no longer. Sir Arthur Lee has embodied it in his gift of Chequers to the nation. A future Prime Minister will, we take it, have to shift out of Chequers when thrown into the cold shades of Opposition. But if these examples be too grand to apply to Hodge, let us take a homelier one in the shape of the miner's cottage. The colliery owner when starting to work a new mine usually puts up a line of cottages, generally known in the North as Pitman's Row. Should a pitman tenant die or leave, any other workman who tries to take it will speedily find it to be a tied house.

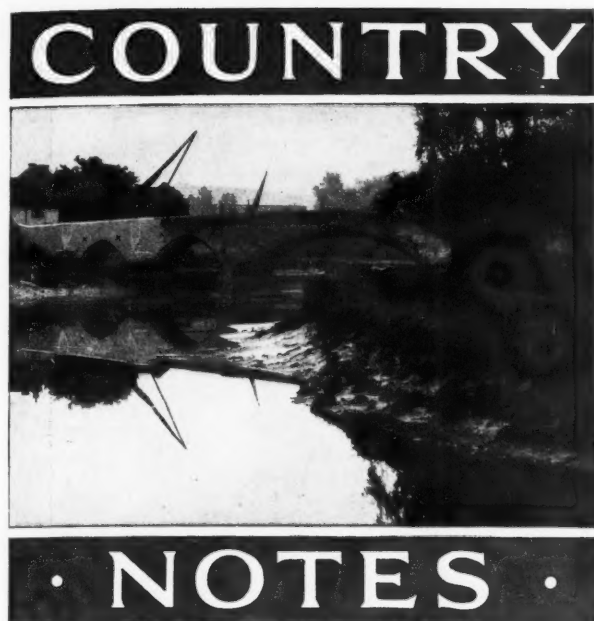
In the same way the old-fashioned landlord built houses on the farm for the farm servants. Usually the village is at a distance of from one to three or even four miles, and that a servant should live in it is as inconvenient to himself as to his master. He likes the cottage on the farm because he would rather work and sleep close to his home than face a walk to and from it, while for business or amusement he can stroll to the village at such times as are convenient. The question of rent need not necessarily cause any trouble in these days of minimum wage. But if a house is built to be especially convenient to the stockman, the horseman or the shepherd, then, just as the Prime Minister vacates his residence when he gives up his job or it is taken from him, so either of these functionaries must also flit when he leaves his employment. In the North where nearly all the farm cottages are hired and the rule is inviolable no trouble arises. Yearly engagements are common, and we only wish they were so in the South also.

But there are a few tied cottages in the village as well as on the farm, although not so many as people seem to imagine. It would be better for the labourer if there were none, and he could lodge where he works, without the necessity of making those prolonged journeys which take so much of his strength away before the day's work proper is begun. Something might be said in favour of abolishing the tied house in the village. On the other hand, there is a strong argument for making more tied houses. The Government, that is to say, the County Council or other local authority, in normal times employs a considerable number of men working on the roads; they have to struggle with a crowd of applicants for any cottages that might be vacant. If the County Council would build proper habitations for these men and make the hire of the cottages a condition of engagement there would be a lessening need for building more. In the same way, when a village is big enough to have a gas or other important works, it would be a great gain if the labourers there were provided with adequate accommodation. If the Government starts on a policy of serious building without either rhyme or reason, plan or definite intention, we shall only see one of the usual muddles, but if the rural population were divided into classes, and each class furnished with dwellings for its own people, the housing problem would be very near solution. At any rate, the simple facts in regard to tied cottages have ever been stated as plainly as we know how; in defence of them it is impossible to argue that there is any analogy between the tied cottage and the tied public-house, whereas the comparison can usually be carried out between the house appointed to great officers from the King downwards to the cottage given to the agricultural labourer. King and judge, bishop and rector, banker and schoolmaster are all tied to houses as is the agricultural labourer.

Our Frontispiece

WE print this week as our frontispiece a drawing of Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O., by Francis Dodd, one of the British Official Artists. Sir David Henderson, who entered the Army in 1882 and saw active service with the Nile Expedition in 1898 and in the South African War, is Director-General of Military Aeronautics.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



OUR readers will turn with interest to Professor Somerville's article on "Poverty Bottom," which is published in the new issue of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture. Professor Somerville expands and fills out the account published in our pages two years ago. It will be remembered that at that time he was not yet in a position to speak definitely with regard to the financial position, but this is possible to-day. One point in this connection is especially interesting. It was urged at the time that the valuation we published was rather high, but as the policy pursued was that of making a holding self-supporting in regard to stock, the results only now begin to appear. "In the last three years," says Professor Somerville, "only £11 were spent on the purchase of sheep (rams), while the sales in the same period have totalled £1,577 6s. 6d. A similar state of things occurs with regard to cattle. Only £145 13s. has been spent in calves, and the sales have come to £2,805 6s. 4d." The head of stock on Poverty Bottom has been increased by 50 per cent., and, to make a long story short, averaging the income over the past six years and thirty-five weeks, the average yearly remuneration of the farmer, together with a free house, comes out at £338. It is satisfactory, but not excessive, only it should be noted that Professor Somerville deducts 5 per cent. "that would have been got without any exertion had the farming capital been invested in industrial security."

AT the same time it should be remembered that the object of Professor Somerville in taking this farm was not, in the strict sense of the word, commercial. He sought neither pleasure nor profit, otherwise he would have selected a different area. His object was to ascertain, on a commercial scale, what advantages to the nation were likely to result from a judicious expenditure of capital on some of the poorest land in England. From that point of view his figures are very encouraging indeed, but he warns those who would fain go and do likewise that on the thin chalky soil of the south-west of England the crops depend on abundant rain in April and May. Should this come, all goes well and excellent crops may be expected; but if a drought happens instead, then the occupier will learn the need for financing the lean years out of the good years. Agriculturists will be interested in noting that where catch-cropping is much in use he has put aside the practice and substituted for it the growing of mangolds, which he rightly thinks is a superior arrangement.

THE leading feature in the management of the Iwerne estate, of which we publish an illustrated account in another page, or at least one of the leading features, is the hold which Mr. Ismay continues to keep on those of his labourers who are at the front. It involves, no doubt, a great deal of trouble, but the "labour we delight in physics pain." It seems to be a real pleasure to the owner of this estate to write out all the pleasant news and gossip of the countryside, everything, in fact, that we can imagine the men talking about at their work, to the soldiers. At the same time, those at home are kept aware of what is going on by a plan that is as efficacious as it is novel. Probably a village pump was never put to such use before as to serve

as a peg on which to hang a large notice-board containing the latest news of the war received by telegram, the most weighty opinions in the newspapers, the best illustrations and, in fact, all the attributes of a wide and very eclectic newspaper. Nothing could have been devised more likely to retain in lively force the sympathy between those who have to stay at home and the others who are absent. Added to this, Mr. Ismay is keeping a keen eye on the material interests of his working neighbours and has seen that they maintain what livestock is possible, have seed potatoes and plants for the gardens and, what is perhaps most important of all, facilities for turning the abundant fruit of their orchards into jam or dried fruit for consumption in winter. The arrangements are well worthy of study.

SEVERAL of our provincial contemporaries have taken up the suggestions made in these columns a few weeks ago that the arrangements for extra food production are on the wrong basis. They agree that the Board of Agriculture should have been placed at the head of these affairs, and that any other body created for special purposes should have been subsidiary to it. Before the war a considerable amount of criticism was directed against the Board of Agriculture and its prominent officials, but Mr. Prothero, by his intelligence and assiduity, has been able greatly to reduce the grounds for reproach, if he has not succeeded in abolishing them altogether. In point of fact, the men at the Board, although they may occasionally be mistaken, do actually know something about the work of producing food, and it is rather absurd to argue that men who do not understand the processes by which necessities of life are prepared for the market should be appointed to control or, in fact, meddle with food in any way. Mr. Prothero and his staff should have been placed in the centre and allotted the work of deciding agricultural questions, while the control of consumption would have had its appropriate place, subject to productivity.

TO A SMALL GREEN PLANT—GIVEN ME AS A PRESENT.

Delicate plant,
Dear, living child of God,
What woodland shade
And rill be-watered sod
Did give you birth?

Was the brown earth
Around your tender stalk
A wondrous walk
And plateau of green moss,
With many an emerald fosse
Dug round grim fungus towers

In those long hours
Did the plumed moth
Lie softly on your breast?
Till wakened by the red sun
In the West,
She left you
For the sweet, nocturnal flowers.

ANNE F. BROWN.

ALTHOUGH always ready to encourage the application of science to agriculture, we hope that too much optimism in regard to our food supply will not be generated by Dr. Charles Mercer's letter to the *Times* about electricity and cultivation. Several very important and interesting experiments will be tried in the course of the present growing season for the purpose of testing the practical value of electricity in food production, but it is to be remembered that so far the results have not been satisfactory commercially. Dr. Mercer himself, although he says in one place that "great and startling improvements in agriculture are on the point of being introduced," is forced to admit later on that "the method is scarcely yet past the experimental stage." We would say by all means carry out experiments; anything that promises to make a perceptible addition to our food supply should be thoroughly tried and tested, but nothing save mischief results when the experimentalist begins to halloo before he is out of the wood. At one time it looked as if Professor Bottomley, for instance, were about to create a new heaven and a new earth in husbandry. There was no end to the claims put forward for nitro-bacterine. It may very well be that he was on the right track, and that in the near future the harvest of his work will be reaped, but the truly scientific man will not celebrate a victory before

it has been won. He is only exciting hopes and causing outlay which are doomed to be unfruitful. His wiser course is to work as hard as he can at discovery, and with every possible expedition prove it a success or a failure. We do not know that the latter word should be used, because it often takes a long time and many partial failures to bring a new method to perfection. But the public may rest content that arduous efforts are now being made to increase this year's supply of food by the application of electricity to the soil and to seed, and the result may be awaited with hope.

IN a usually well informed journal it was stated at the end of the week that cholera had broken out in Old Russia. We have no means of testing the truth or otherwise of this statement, but it is not by any means improbable. The Russians, almost since the beginning of the war, have been forced to live under conditions which are in every way calculated to encourage pestilence. More than once they have had to make panic-stricken flights across country, with the consequence that houses, otherwise undisturbed, have been packed and overcrowded. Food may or may not exist, but certainly it is not available. Hunger and thirst have lain in wait for the fugitives. When all these circumstances are taken together, with their concomitant dirt, it must be admitted that the position is entirely favourable to the spread of an epidemic. But if this starts in Russia, it certainly will not stay in that country. The way to Austria, the way to Germany, are not barricaded against germs, and it would be no astonishing catastrophe if plague swept over the land with more devastation than war itself.

A CAREFUL statement has been sent out by the Board of Agriculture in regard to the situation concerning feeding stuffs and livestock. The writer has arranged our domestic animals in order of merit, the merit being determined by usefulness to man; thus the first call upon the concentrated foods is that of the horses because they are essential to the prosecution of farm work and for transport and distribution. Cows in milk have the next claim since they provide food indispensable for children and invalids. What is left over after these demands have been satisfied is to be apportioned to breeding stock. Cows and sows are to have an allowance, but "there is absolutely no concentrated food to spare for fattening cattle, sheep and pigs." In these circumstances it will be for the farmer not by any means to give up the project of keeping his animals, but to think out ways and means to provide food for them that would not be required for other purposes. One of these methods is undoubtedly to plant vast quantities of potatoes, because after the eatable potatoes have been taken there always remains a considerable residue which would be readily eaten by the pigs. Allotment holders and others will find no obstacle to their making use of the refuse of their vegetables for feeding purposes, although they have some reason to complain that the Government could find no word of encouragement to apply to their efforts.

PUBLIC opinion has very determinedly set against the effort of the Food Ministry to discourage pig-keeping. The effects of official interference have, so far, been disastrous; pigs have diminished in number, and those sent to the market are, as a rule, absolutely devoid of fat. Now, this is uneconomical in a serious degree. In all breeding of animals the first thing is to obtain a carcase, and when the young animal has been brought to a certain stage of life and has got through the ills to which all flesh is heir, then the work of laying on fat becomes comparatively easy. It may be admitted that the conventional methods have now become impracticable. We cannot afford to give pigs barley meal or concentrated food. Human requirements stand in the way of the first, and the tonnage difficulty is an obstacle to the latter. But still there are ways and means by which the difficulty may be overcome. The most obvious way is that of utilising the small potatoes of the crop. Boiled potatoes in themselves will fatten a pig, and it is evident that last year we grew more potatoes than were actually required for human consumption. There is abundance in the country now to serve until the new crop comes on the market. Therefore there can be no objection to the utilising of potato refuse as pig food. Other material can be similarly used. Mr. Ismay, for instance, has purchased flour and rice from torpedoed vessels which have been ruined so far as human consumption goes, but nevertheless will fatten a pig. Everybody cannot do that, but it shows that if a vigilant eye is kept on possible resources the obstacle may be

overcome. In regard to cottage and allotment pigs there seems to be no difference of opinion. They are economical in so far as they consume vegetable refuse which is inseparable from gardening.

IN striking and honourable contrast to the dastardly conduct of the self-styled "soldiers of the Irish Republic" comes the story that the *Morning Post's* special correspondent tells of the magnificent part played by the Ulster Division in the opening stages of the Cambrai battle. By dint of team work of the finest sort the ruined village of Moeuvres was reached and occupied, but the immensely superior weight of the enemy compelled them to drop back. No whit daunted they attacked again and once more penetrated the village. "If sheer heroism could have triumphed, the Ulstermen would have kept Moeuvres." "Dead tired they are," said a Staff officer, "but there's no holding them. They're simply bursting to get at the beggars, and they are ready to fight till they drop." If that is the spirit of Ulster, is it reasonable to expect such men to be anything but intolerant of what appears to them a weak-kneed policy of expediency?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was at his very best on Monday afternoon when he moved a vote of £25,000 to Lady Maude, and paid an eloquent and deserved tribute to her late husband. Happily, in English history there has emerged from time to time a very perfect knight, and Sir Stanley Maude must be added to the number. United in his person were all the qualifications of a great general: wisdom in council, vigour and resource in battle, determination in pursuit, and withal, courtesy and kindness to the natives when the struggle was over. The country owes him a great debt for restoring the seriously damaged prestige of the British nation in the East. He came to a difficult situation, and brought the Army out of it triumphantly. As Mr. Lloyd George said, if he had employed his talents in any pursuit in which the amassing of wealth was an object, he would have died rich, whereas his will was tragically pathetic. The supremacy of his courtesy was evinced in the story of his death, told for the first time by the Prime Minister. At the request of certain Arabs he paid a visit to one of the districts, and, although so convinced that cholera was in the air that he forbade the soldiers of his escort either to eat or drink, when he himself was proffered a slight hospitality, he felt that he would rather encounter the danger than hurt the feelings of his hosts. Cholera was in the cup, and he paid the penalty; but the story will always be told when his brilliant and successful career is recounted.

EPITAPH ON A BABY.

When a little baby dies,
Everything in nature cries.
See, the Weeping Willow keeps
Watch above her where she sleeps.

MARGERY MOODIE.

A NUMBER of correspondents have written to say that they would like to help the troops who are growing their own vegetables by sending them seedling plants, and they ask where they should send them. It is an excellent idea, as nearly everybody who grows seedlings produces more than are ever planted out, and in these days seed is uncommonly scarce. We hope to give exact information in next week's number as to the method in which they should proceed; but in the meantime it would be enough to refer them to the Army and Navy Canteen, Bow Street, Covent Garden, who have the matter in hand. No doubt those who have the space at their disposal, when they know that they can help the Army in this way, will put in their seeds more liberally than they would if it were only a matter of meeting their own requirements.

WE print two letters in this number referring to our current articles on ensilage. The former, by Mr. Wylie, suggests a mixture of Italian rye grass and trifolium as a silage crop. It is certainly a cheap crop to grow, but is somewhat uncertain and the yield is generally not very great. It is, however, a useful crop for the purpose on certain types of soil, especially those containing plenty of chalk. The second letter advocates the making of silage clamps in preference to silage pits. This is, we believe, a subject which Mr. Amos will fully discuss in his next article. As we go to press Mr. Amos writes that the rough estimate he gives in this week's article of the wastage from mould and rotting in silage stacks should be regarded only as an intelligent guess of what may be the wastage in stacks when carefully constructed.

A DORSET ESTATE IN WAR-TIME

THE main impression made by a recent visit to Iwerne Minster is that it would be good for all town dwellers to realise the thought, activity and resource which are being applied on the land to the production of food for the industrial population. Mr.

James Ismay was a notable sportsman before the war, but the interest attached to growing food with him now far transcends that of shooting pheasants. It has led him to investigate means by which modern science is able to simplify the work and make it more effective. The Home Farm, it should be explained, runs to about 1,200 acres

and is describable as a stock farm. Years ago a co-operative bacon factory was established on it, and when Mr. Prothero, in the first early prospect of food scarcity, advised that attention should be devoted to pig rearing, arrangements were made for each cottager to have his pig. Now the wind has veered in the opposite direction and the cottager finds it difficult to feed his pig. But Mr. Ismay is firmly convinced in his mind that the policy of the Food Controller must eventually change again, and therefore he has maintained a very large stock of pigs. They are to be seen everywhere—on the pastures, in sties specially built, and in sties adapted from other buildings. In order to fatten them he has made purchases of rice damaged by contact with sea water, flour and other merchandise injured, but not altogether destroyed, by torpedoes, and this food is made over to the cottagers at the same price *pro rata* that was paid for it. Thus pigs flourish at Iwerne in spite of the dead set made against them. The work of feeding is very much helped by ensilage. Last year Mr. Ismay came to recognise fully that there was a chance in this way of finding a good substitute for concentrated foods, a scarcity of which was even then threatened. He grew a certain quantity of oats, peas, beans, vetches and so on, but found that was not enough to fill the silo, which is built for 140 tons, and on the top of it was piled quantities of grass and other greenstuff available. The

pigs take very readily to the ensilage, and there is no reason to suppose that they could not be fattened up to a certain point at least with it if leguminous plants were utilised for the purpose. There is a large herd of cows, and they consume the ensilage with evident relish. It will be seen from the photograph of the silo that it is a stave silo. It was

made by English of Wisbech. The cows are mostly short-horns, but a number of South Devons have recently been introduced and are greatly appreciated. The original purpose was to make Cheddar cheese, but in these days the Food Controller is of opinion that it is better to stop cheese-

making and send the milk to town. One can easily see the reason for this policy, since it helps to ensure the best food that can possibly be had for the children, but it has the disadvantage of ruining a good source of supply for the pigs. The whey was largely utilised in the days of peace. It could be kept for a long time, and some of the old inhabitants hold that whey butter is an easily manufactured and useful commodity. To complete our sketch of the animals in use, a word must be said about the horses. The one most favoured for the work of the farm is the Suffolk Punch. It is active, so that the ploughman has to walk at a pace which the Shire and similar carthorses did not demand; and it is clean-legged and easily groomed. It is not easy to imagine that the Suffolk Punch will be superseded by the Percheron. The animals look very homely and nice in harness, and on their foreheads each one carries the kindly and humane motto, "Be mindful."

The Iwerne flock of Hampshire Down sheep is second to none in the United Kingdom, and under the care of its perfectly efficient shepherd is being maintained splendidly. By the end of February the lambing season had all but ended, and the lambing yards were practically empty. The season has been unusually good, and the lambs are of exceptional quality. It will be strange if some of them do not add to the long list of honours won by the flock which, in the



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE.



COTTAGES ON IWERNE HILL.



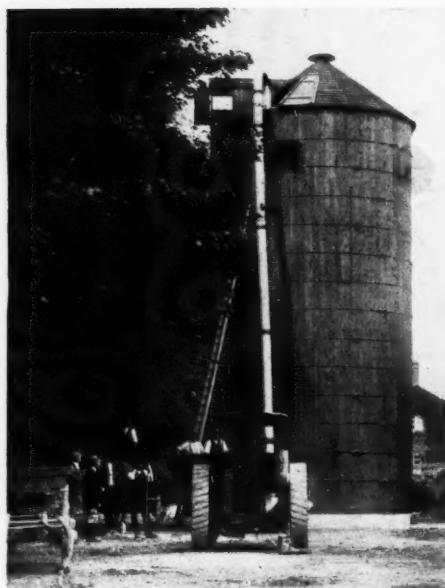
"THE WAR OFFICE."

The newsboard on the village pump.

shapeliness and vigour of its members, is a triumph of modern methods. In the eyes of their owner they have one small fault—they refuse to eat ensilage! In this they stand alone among the farm animals. We had occasion a fortnight ago to show for how much shorthorn cattle stand as an asset in the stud farms of the world, and Down sheep claim a share of that importance. No reconstruction policy after the war will be acceptable unless it takes into account this opening for increased production.

Stock carries with it a necessity to employ labour. You cannot have herds of swine and cows, flocks of sheep and abundance of working horses without the hands to attend to them. And the needs of the animals do not form the only demand on human energy. Since the war Mr. Ismay has devoted himself to the development of the estate in every possible direction. Much land not hitherto cultivated or allowed to fall back into rough pasture in the lean years following 1879 has been brought under the plough. Some of the more promising downland was taken in easily, but several problems in reclamation had also to be solved. A good example is furnished by a ten or twelve acre field that used to be a hazel copse in years antecedent to the war. The bushes were cut down, the stumps got rid of, and this year the field is green with a crop of wheat which has come away almost too thickly. Much other wood has been cut for pit-props or other commercial timber, and replanting is being carried out on an extensive scale. This has led to a little difference of opinion between the owner and an elderly keeper. In the mind of the latter the great distinction of the estate used to be its pheasant shooting. Few places in England gave the crack guns better opportunity of dealing with high and difficult birds. The gamekeeper would die happy if he knew the plantation would be planted so that in future years the ancient shooting glory would be revived; but the owner has been impressed by the national requirement of timber and is planting to secure that this estate shall furnish its due quota. And he is not experimenting. He knows that the ground readily produces ash and spruce, both giving wood of which there is much need, and when he gets the order of "tools down," from which neither rich nor poor can escape, it would be a satisfaction to be assured that the nurslings now being put in had become or were becoming a useful crop. Not that he has turned hostile to sport, but, whereas of old, shooting came first and utility second, he would reverse the order.

To advance the general improvement of the soil he has enlisted the resources of modern science. Miss Coats, who makes such excellent use of liquid manure on her pastures at Brattles, would be delighted with the arrangements here.



THE SILO AT BOWER'S BARN, HILL FARM.

By a system of underground tanks and stop-pipes it is collected and distributed at convenient centres at each of which the cart at a minimum of trouble can be filled in a period indicated by seconds; the remainder is pumped on to a huge manure heap largely made up of peat moss, the absorbent nature of which is well known. This produces a most efficacious farmyard manure. If the soil from a too liberal application of liquid or any other cause shows signs of falling off, a spit of it is sent to Dr. Augustus Voelcker for analysis, after which the appropriate correction can be applied.

Chalk is employed liberally. As need scarcely be explained, the amount used varies over the county in accordance with the nature of the soil. On the flint and clay common, for example, to Herts the farmer uses a very heavy dressing indeed, varying from 35 tons to 60 tons to the acre. He reckons to do that once in his lifetime, and the good effects can be noticed for about twenty-five years. In this

part of Dorsetshire, where the chalk lies close to the surface, 20 tons an acre is the customary dressing. Mr. Ismay follows a newer method. He has purchased an American chalk crushing mill, which reduces chalk to the fineness of wheatmeal. Dr. Voelcker was immensely pleased with the sample forwarded to him for analysis, and in accordance with his advice the powdered chalk is applied at the rate of two tons to the acre, a dressing which yields excellent results. The land will not need chalking again for four years.

The provision of labour has at times caused anxiety, but presents no insuperable difficulties. German prisoners are freely employed and appear to give satisfaction. In some parts of the country feelings of dislike and jealousy have been aroused by the employment of these captives from our implacable enemies, but little trace of this can be found at Iwerne. The native reasoned in this style: To comply with the wishes of the Food Production Department Mr. Ismay is bound to find outside labour. The village has sent every fit and possible man to the war. Many have paid the final sacrifice, and a passionate desire is felt that when the survivors return they should receive not only a welcome, but a place in the old home. But there is a danger of their finding this place occupied. It was moderately easy to avoid this in the case of a comparatively short war like the South African. During one of longer duration the labour imported temporarily in its early character tends to become permanent. Suppose men just beyond the age limit were brought in with their families, suppose young conscientious objectors were chosen, suppose exempted men were employed, how would it be possible to prevent them or their children settling in the neighbourhood? But the class to which this objection



DRY COWS AND IN-CALF HEIFERS FEEDING ON ENSILAGE IN THE PARK.

does not apply is that of the German prisoners. They, when peace is declared, will return to their own country leaving vacancies to be filled up by our own men, some of whom are at present fighting in France, some working on German farms. That is an argument which makes an irresistible appeal to those who have kinsfolk serving abroad.

And the German prisoners from the employer's point of view do as well as could be expected of captives in a strange land. I saw a large gang numbering several dozens engaged in forestry with pick and shovel making holes for the young trees that are to replace the old. Others were going about the ordinary tasks of the farm quietly and steadily. They have their own compound, where they are permitted and encouraged to grow their own vegetables and to possess scores of little rabbit hutches made out of every kind of box they could lay hands on. They have their own kitchen and messroom and sleeping places. It was not without a touch of pathos that one noticed the little coloured pictures and photographs from their own land which they had stuck above their pillows.



PULVERISING CHALK.

gets all the morning papers from London and selects the best illustrations, the important news and the most instructive leading and other articles, so that the board every morning shows a *résumé* of the day's history of the war and the leading events of the hour with pictures of the men and scenes which are "in the news." In addition, he subscribes to a press agency and posts up the "flimsy," so that at the village pump the villager has some of the best advantages of a town club. And they are highly appreciated.

In other ways their comfort and well-being are his solicitude. Iwerne—pronounced Euren—is a pretty old-fashioned Dorset village, out of the way and old-world, lying in a vale set among swelling hills, agricultural fields, and alluring woodlands with a little streamlet trickling by. It has an old Dorset church, beautiful externally, but, internally, restored and modernised at a bad period. Originally, it is probable all the cottages were thatched, and in some of those recently built this style of roofing has been followed. It has its drawbacks, however, and the latest cottages are really better both in looks and comfort. The people are his chief care. When Mr. Prothero said "Keep pigs," he found both pigs



IWERNE BOTTOM: HAZEL, FEBRUARY, 1917.

Some had acquired a little English, and showed with pride their doe rabbits and the litters of young. Mr. Ismay, with characteristic tact, managed to instil into them a collective responsibility for good behaviour by intimating that if one misbehaved, all would have to go, and they appreciate the humane and reasonable treatment combined with the advantage of exchanging the deadly monotony of a prison camp for life in the open air and work in which it is possible to be interested.

Personally, I was most attracted by the way, marked by the fidelity of their friendship, in which Mr. Ismay keeps in touch with those of his former tenants and labourers who have gone to the war. While they have been away he has been more sedulous than ever in helping and encouraging those they have left at home, doing many things as original as they are thoughtful. For the school he has bought a cinema, for which films, patriotic or otherwise, instructive or amusing, are hired from London; and then he has turned the village pump into what he playfully calls a War Office. A large board has been fixed up for news. He



WHEAT, FEBRUARY, 1918

and provender, not on an enervating charitable, but a friendly basis, or, in other words, at cost price. When the cry was for rabbits he encouraged their keeping.

To keep in touch with those who had gone to the war he, in the early days, wrote a weekly letter to each, but this became too much of a burden, and latterly he has sent a circular letter instead. This is in reality a news-sheet composed by one who knows thoroughly what his correspondents most like to hear. I write with a specimen before me, and would quote it in full but that space forbids.

I stop writing in order to make excerpts from the letter. One can see how exactly the writer discerns what topics and items are most likely to interest his old friends at the front. We can well understand the entertainment and solace this communication will afford when read in the trench or the messroom. It will take the soldier back to "Blighty"—and one cannot pay it a higher compliment than that!

Iwerne Minster House, Blandford.

February, 1916.

Each month seems to pass very soon, and, unfortunately, as one gets older, time goes quicker. We have had the most perfect weather for farming, everything is doing well, and the winter wheat and oats are so strong that we shall probably have to run the sheep over them.

I expect you have seen in the papers long accounts of people waiting for hours to buy food at the shops. Well, this has not been the case at Iwerne and Sutton, for I do not think, with the exception of butter, which is scarce, that anyone has had to go short. The trouble in the towns is probably due to the difficulty of distribution, but this is being rapidly overcome. The Germans would like you at the front to believe that there is a shortage of food in Great Britain, but I can honestly assure you that, if people have had to suffer a certain inconvenience in the past, that will soon be done away with. Naturally, we shall not have as much as we had before the war, and the bread is not as white; still, that is nothing compared with the want sustained by the Germans for the last two years. We at home, and I am not speaking for myself only, feel that if we can help our Allies by sending some of our food to them, that we are doing our small bit. We should be proud that we can do something.

We had our first cinema show in the school last week. The room was crowded, and evidently I shall have to get a sign to put up outside, "House full." We had a really good film sent by the Government on the need of buying War Savings Certificates. It was quite a success; not too much "Buy War Certificates." By the way, I am Chairman of the Iwerne Minster War Savings Association, and I am very pleased at the progress we are making.

Wood pigeons are beginning to give a certain amount of trouble, so we are trying to institute a regular shoot for Wednesdays.

We hope to make jam on a co-operative principle here this year, and we have already got 3,000 bottles with which to start.

It will interest those of you who have gardens or allotments to know that I am giving a certain amount of lime from Evercreech to each householder. It will, so Langley, Beck and Read tell me, make all the difference to what is grown in the gardens. I have also arranged for a tip cart to go round the village twice a week to collect the refuse from the buckets, which until recently was always dug into the gardens.

When you come back on leave or for good—soon may that time be—you will find the gardens and allotments going strong. Then as to spraying potatoes, even William Wareham in the Street has promised to do it this year, although he says he had the best lot of potatoes last year—and he did not spray—that he has ever had. Perhaps if he had sprayed he might have had even a better crop.

I rather think our new Saddler will soon arrive, he was out with Major Rawlence for some time, and will shortly be a time-expired man. He is a Staff Sergeant Saddler, and when he does come, I hope to get him to help in starting afresh the Iwerne Minster Boy Scouts. All of you who were scouts before the war have done so well—in a great measure due to your Scout-masters, Blackwell and Barnard. Blackwell has lately been home on leave; Barnard is in Egypt. I think every Scout from Iwerne has gained his stripes, not one in many cases, but three. Those who have not got stripes are either snipers or runners.

Last week I was at Mr. Arthur Hiseock's sale of Berkshire pigs at Motcombe, the average price for 40 pigs was 35½ guineas. I got three sows and a young boar. This year I have decided to have my Hampshire Down Ram Sale at Iwerne; this will take place on August 7th, and I am on the same day selling some of my pedigree Berkshire pigs.

I expect you all remember the trees in front of George Reade's and Gulliver Wareham's Cottages; well, I have had those cut down; a great improvement to the Cottages and the gardens. Instead of the trees there is a yew fence.

I think I have told many of you that the Basset kennels are now used for breeding Belgian hares; every house in the village has Belgian hares, quite a useful form of food; or to sell.

Last year the Village bottled about 2,000 bottles or tins of vegetables or fruit. This year I expect we shall manage over 5,000; either for the use of those who bottle, or for sale.

Fred Winsor has been home on leave; he looks wonderfully well, but says he will be glad to get back to his horses. Jimmy Smith is still in hospital. I hope he may get here for a few days after he is convalescent. Bob Green at Bowers Barn has been laid up with a bad foot, but he is on the mend.

The dry cows and heifers are doing well on the ensilage. We are producing more milk from the Home Farm this year than we have ever done. Mr. Anderson Graham, the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE, came here this week to write an article on "Farming in War-Time." I hope to send you each a copy of the paper. Iwerne has really got a good name for doing its best in the war. We have certainly done so in the number of those who are now at the front, and I must say that those at home are working their best.

Lord Stalbridge is selling a good deal of his land, including the towns of Shaftesbury and Stalbridge. This is owing to death duties, taxation, etc.

Bert Domoney and Des Green manage my Mogul Tractor; they have become great experts. Hull drives the Petter Petrol Engine, which runs the new American Pulveriser—we are grinding up a great deal of chalk for the land. In Miles' Field we are to grow potatoes, about 16 acres. This we had intended to put into oats, but the other day, at a meeting of the Blandford Farmers' Club, a Mr. Tom Thomson came from the Board of Agriculture and gave such an able and practical address on the growing of as many acres of potatoes as possible that I decided to increase the area we had intended to put into potatoes.

You will be sorry to hear that this year the Village School did not win the Shield.

I am trying to get some damaged flour, and if I can, I think every house in Iwerne will be able to keep a pig or two. I try to get everyone to have at least one side cured for home consumption.

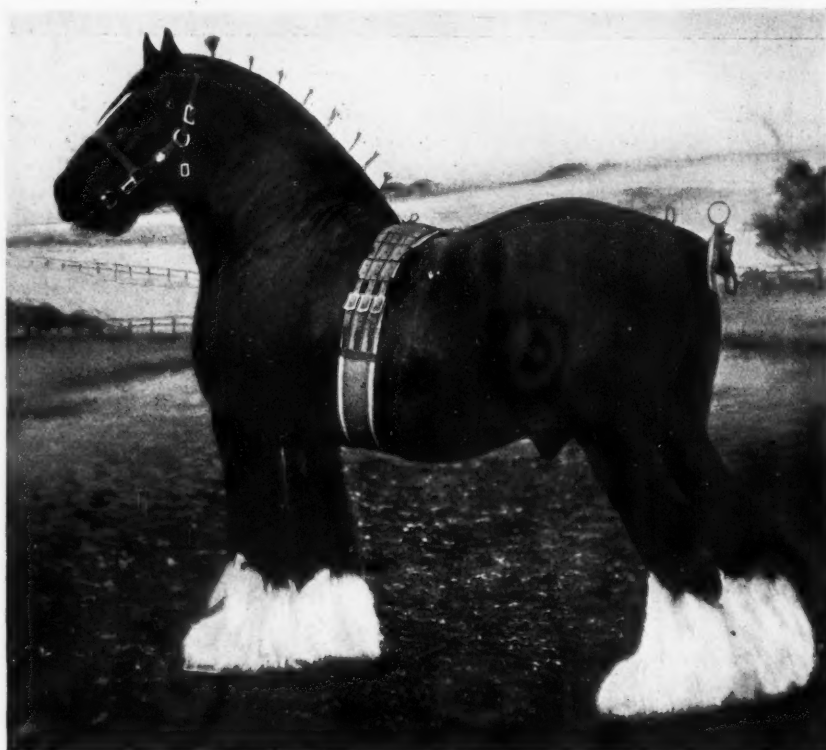
Captain Norman Rawlence is home on extended leave. Quite right, for his firm have to deal with many thousands of acres of farming in England. I must have told you that he has been awarded the Military Cross.

You can all rest content about your people at home. They are fit and well; there is no sickness in the village. All we want is to see you back once more, and I am sure none of you want to return until you have won many long years of Peace, and destroyed all hope of a German Military Power running the world.—Yours faithfully, JAMES ISMAY.

P. A. G.

THE SHIRES AT NEWMARKET

A SHOW of Shire stallions only was permissible this year, and it was held at Newmarket on the last Wednesday of February. The entries were good enough to prove that there is no deterioration in the Shire owing to the war, and the number of people who attended spoke with equal force about the continuation of interest in the breed. We show a photograph of the champion, Messrs. Forshaw's Rickford Coming King, which won with comparative ease. Sir Walpole Greenwell's Marden Dagnam was made champion of the younger stallions, but there was no difficulty in settling the claim of the older horse when it came to the final decision.



Parsons.

RICKFORD COMING KING, SHIRE CHAMPION.

Copyright,

THE GUILLEMOT ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST

By R. FORTUNE, F.Z.S.

GUILLEMOTS are at all times sociable and gregarious, consorting together in large colonies during the breeding season, and after they depart from their nesting haunts they still keep together on the sea in parties of varying numbers.

On the North-East Coast there are two great nesting places. The great precipitous cliffs of Bempton, which tower to a height of over 400ft., and the Farne Islands. The Yorkshire cliffs are usually spoken of as the Flamboro' Cliffs; but if the visitor proceeds there in the hope of seeing the birds, he is doomed to disappointment, for very few birds nest there, but a little further north in the same range the magnificent cliffs of Bempton and Speeton are, in the breeding season, tenanted by countless hosts of guillemots, in addition to considerable numbers of kittiwakes, razorbills, puffins, etc. At the Farnes there is a greater concentration in a small area, but the total numbers do not approach within a tithe of those at Bempton; here, however, a more intimate acquaintance with the birds may be formed than is possible in the great Yorkshire Cliffs. The birds of these two resorts keep up their numbers well, thanks to the effect of the Sea Birds' Preservation Acts, but in other parts of the East, South-East and South Coasts most of the old breeding haunts are either abandoned or frequented by greatly diminished numbers.

To see row upon row of birds, like soldiers in rank, lined up on the serried edges of the Yorkshire Cliffs, where they are dwarfed until they look, to the naked eye, like insects, is a highly interesting sight, but one which is hardly comparable to the near approach one can obtain to the vast mass of birds on the renowned Pinnacle Rocks at the Farnes, where they are on the same level as the observer and only separated from him by a few feet of sea water. The cliffs on the Staples Island where the guillemots breed are of no great height, and anyone who can climb at all can easily reach the breeding ledges. On the Harcars and Wamses it is not unusual to find a few pairs nesting on the comparatively flat rocks, in the centre of the colonies of comorants.

Quite early in the New Year, one might almost say at the end of the Old Year, the Yorkshire guillemots begin to pay irregular visits to the cliffs, often turning up in numbers approaching to those of the breeding time. At these times they sit about on the ledges perfectly silent, in great contrast to the noise of the nesting season. Late in April they take up their permanent abode for the season and a great change comes over the scene; what before had been a great solitude is now peopled by a busy and noisy throng. The third week in May may be said to see the real commencement of the breeding period; if the season is a backward one this may be delayed until the end of the month. A few eggs, however, may always be found earlier than the general run; the end of the first week, speaking from memory, is

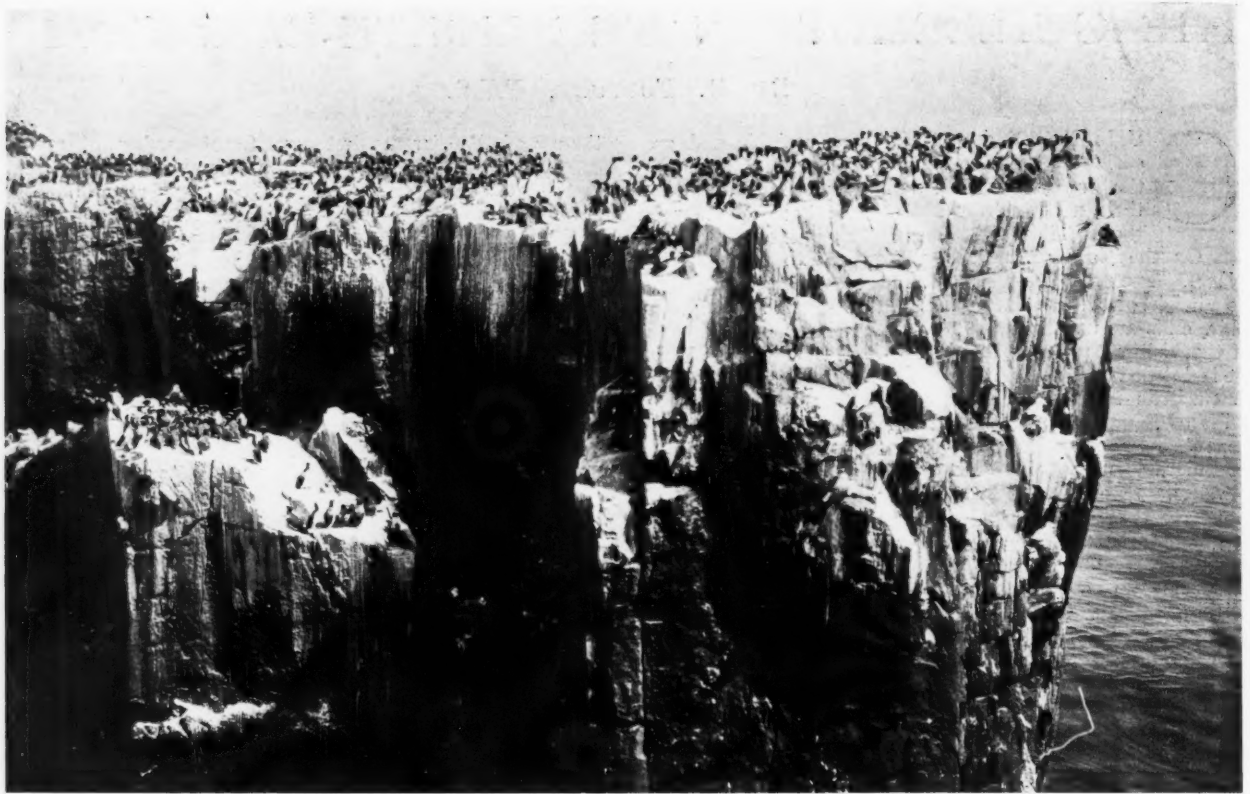
the record time for the first egg. Great numbers of eggs are collected by gangs of "climbers" and many interesting facts have been brought to light in connection with the life history of the birds. It has been ascertained that the same bird always lays the same type of egg in the same place on the same ledge year after year. Birds have been known to occupy the same place for more than a dozen years. Distinctively marked eggs have enabled these facts to be recorded without doubt. There is an enormous variation in the colour of the eggs, the most common type having a green ground colour with black blotches or spots, the next in number being those with a white ground and similar markings. Every possible variation is obtained, both in ground colour and markings, some of the specimens being



THE PINNACLE ROCKS, END VIEW.

very rich and beautiful, others peculiar and, although possibly the rarest, yet not beautiful. Many interesting departures from the usual size and shape are also found. If the first egg laid is taken, a second will be laid after a period of about twenty days, if that is taken a third will be laid after a longer interval, and if that goes the bird lays no more.

Incubation lasts about thirty days, and during this period the bird holds the egg between her feet, covering it with her thigh feathers, sometimes standing upright, at other times sitting longways on it. If suddenly disturbed, in her hurried departure, she frequently carries the egg with her, and it falls either into the sea or on to the rocks below;



GUILLEMOTS ON THE PINNACLES.

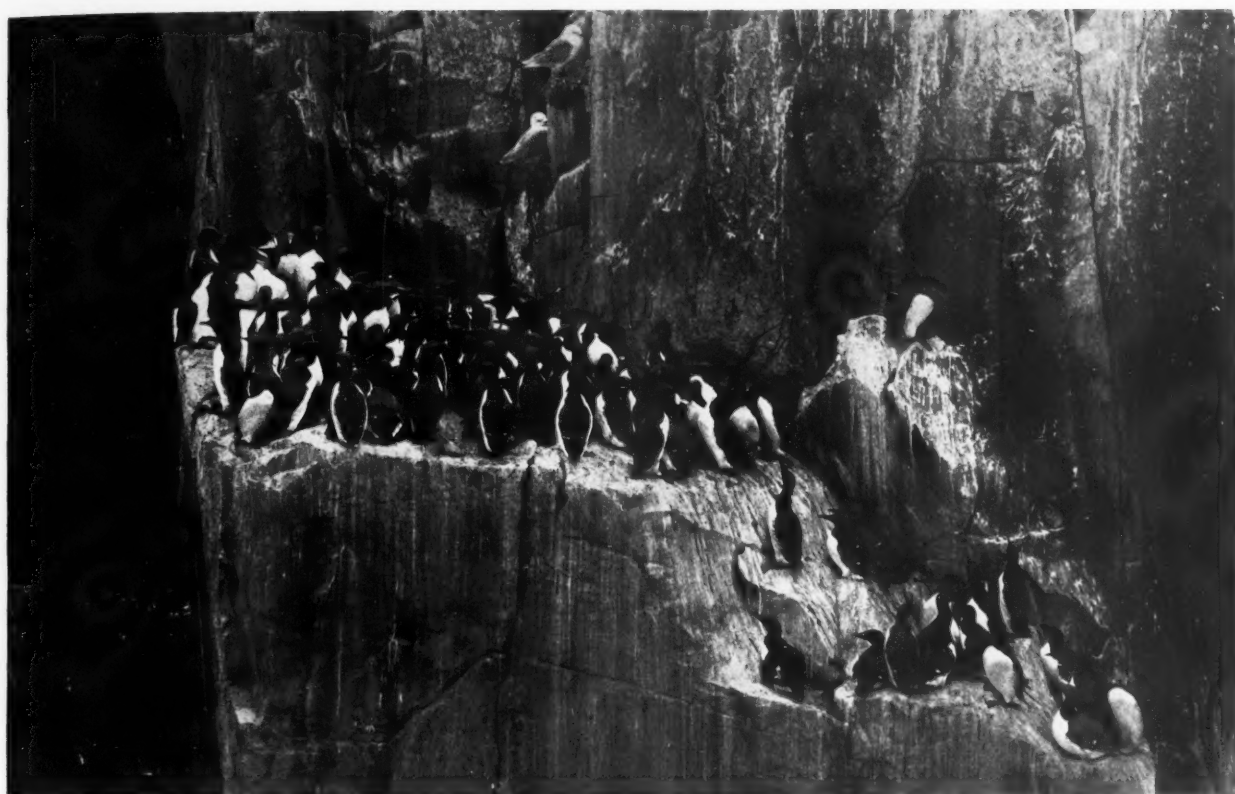
many hundreds are lost every season in this way. When incubating the bird invariably turns her face to the cliff, resolutely turning her back to the pleasures and sights in front of her, evidently determined to stick exclusively to her important business and not allow any worldly distractions to interfere with her family matters. The egg is of enormous size; compared with the size of the bird its weight is at least

one-eighth of the parent's. All birds do not lay at the same period, even on undisturbed ledges, for often fresh eggs, eggs highly incubated and newly hatched young will be found on the same ledge.

The middle of July is the great hatching period, when the young can be heard squeaking and calling from every part of the cliff. How they get down from these gigantic cliffs



A CROWDED TENEMENT.



GUILLEMOTS ON A LEDGE.

into the sea has puzzled naturalists for generations, as no one appears to have witnessed their departure from the ledges. I think, however, it is now pretty well established that they find their own way down; throwing themselves off the ledges, enticed by their parents, with little wings and tails outspread they float away in a kind of parachute fashion until they reach the surface of the water. It is wonderful from what a height these little creatures can fall, even on to rocks, without damaging themselves, they are such fluffy little morsels that they fall as lightly as a feather. As soon as they reach the sea they dive again and again and enjoy their new found liberty to the utmost as if they had been used to it all their lives.

The food of the guillemot is small fry, chiefly sand eels, in the capture of which (although they are skilful fishers) they are somewhat handicapped as compared with their neighbours the razorbills and puffins. The two last can capture and bring home with them as many as a dozen small fish at once, whereas the shape of the guillemot's bill will only allow her to take one fish at a time, which she brings in lengthways of the bill with the head of the fish inside; as a small compensation, the guillemot usually captures fish of a larger size than the other two species do.

If these birds could speak and think, they, in common with millions of the human race, would curse the name of the Kaiser and the German race, for the war has been felt even by the denizens of the cliffs; many birds have been picked up on our East Coast dead or starving, with their feathers clogged up with oily substances, some of them literally smothered in it, rendering it impossible for them to dive for their food. We can only hope that this substance is derived from the sinking of murderous Hun submarines.

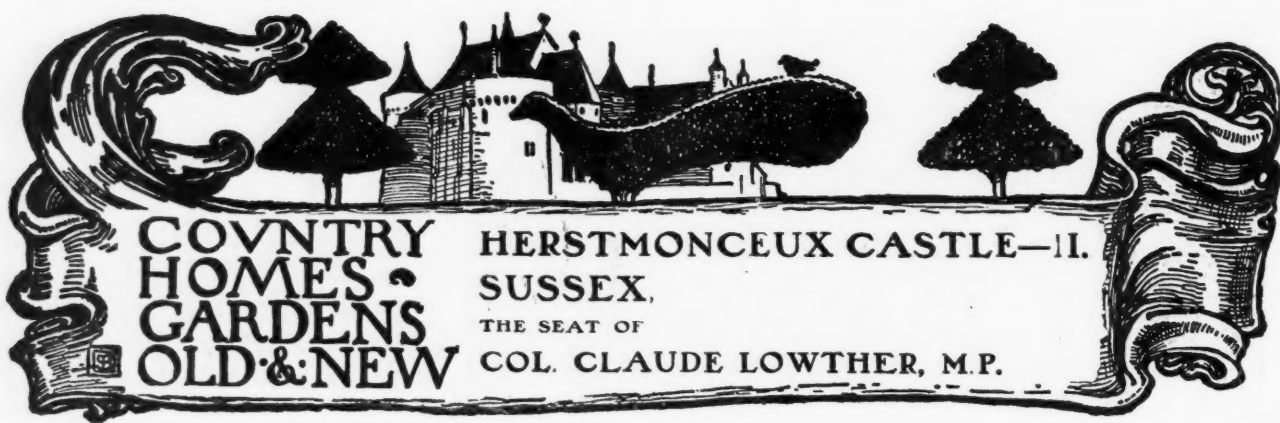
No more fascinating sight can greet the eyes

of a lover of nature than that which enfolds itself before him from the top of the stupendous Yorkshire cliffs on a typical June morning. The white cliffs and the bright blue sea sparkling in the delightful sunshine, with a brilliant blue sky flecked with white overhead and reflected in the sea below, giving it the beautiful blue tint; and looking from a favourable position we see every ledge in the precipitous cliffs tenanted by rows of birds, while thousands more are passing to and fro along the face of the cliffs with rapidly beating pinions, all evidently in a terrible hurry; thousands, again, are flying direct from the cliffs to the sea or returning from the sea to the cliffs, while as far as the eye can see the waters are covered with parties of guillemots and other birds, resting or fishing or amusing themselves. A favourite form of amusement is for some of the birds to perch themselves on some floating piece of wreckage, only to be washed off by a wave or knocked off by other birds which take their place, to be knocked off in their turn. This little game goes on for a long time to the birds' evident enjoyment.

The ringed, or, as it is sometimes called, the bridled or spectacled, guillemot is not uncommon in either of these East Coast resorts. In Yorkshire the guillemot is usually called the "Scout," and the ringed variety the "Silver-Eye." Formerly these birds were thought to be a distinct species, but they are now recognised as merely a variety; it is very curious, however, and one wonders what can be the cause for such a distinctive mark to be so constant. I have come across many ringed guillemots paired with normal birds, but I have never seen two ringed birds paired together. I think they are more plentiful than they used to be on the Yorkshire cliffs, and they certainly are at the Farnes, where once they were considered a great rarity and a big price was obtained for specimens.



KITTIWAKES AND GUILLEMOTS.



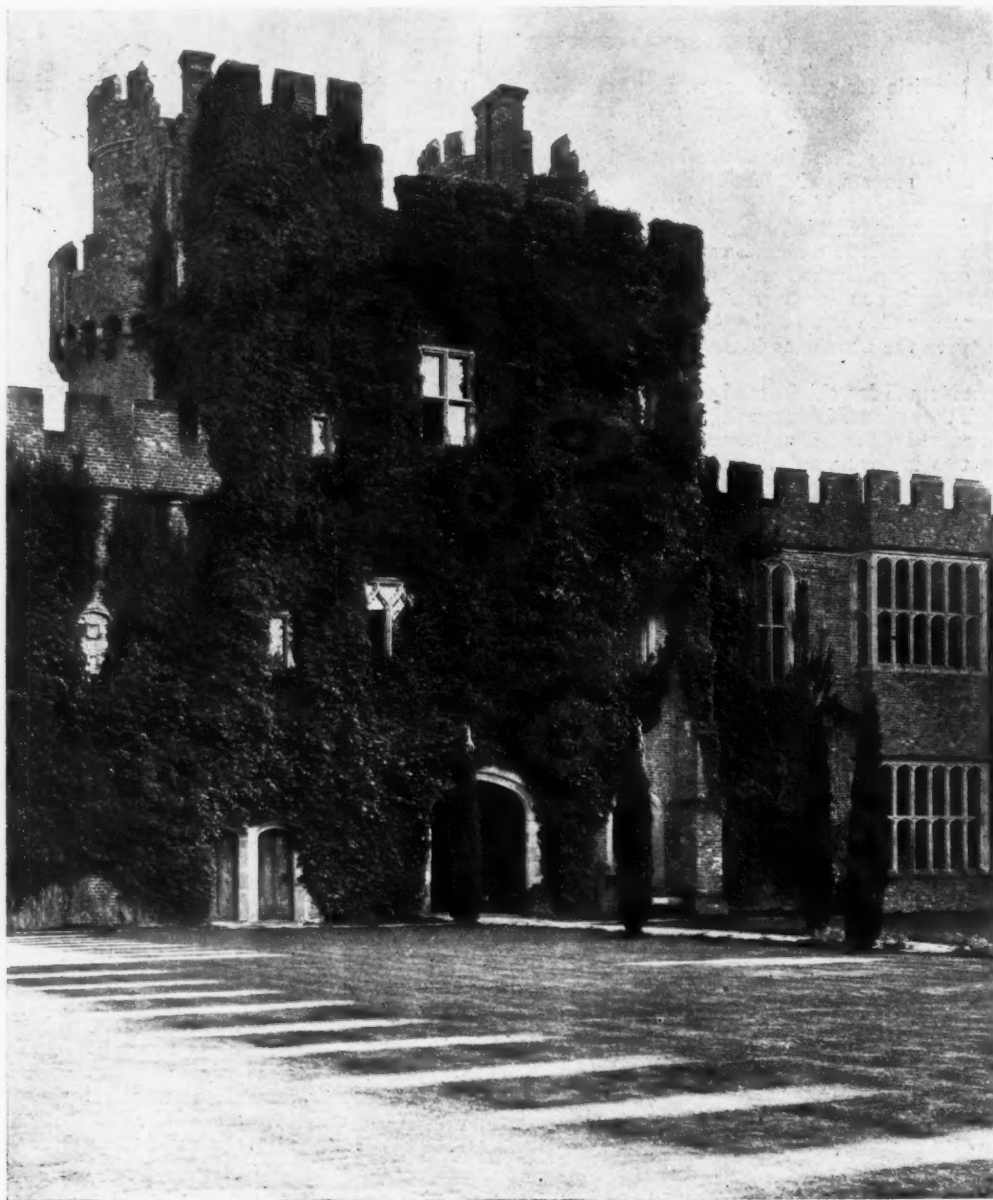
IN front of the Castle outside the moat we can still trace the remains of a square and slightly elevated piece of ground; the face of this, toward the moat, was covered with a massive brick wall battlemented above. This square was the outer court. At the back of the Castle were the bowling green and garden enclosed by a high brick wall still remaining. The view from the south-east must always have been the best, especially when the moat and eastern lake were full of water and the Castle was seen reflected in it. It should be observed that portions of the old brickwork preserve the plaster with which the whole must originally have been

covered. Where this is newly pulled off or falls away the brickwork can be seen in its original state, and the hardness and excellence of the mortar tested. It is due to this good workmanship that the ivy which smothered the abandoned ruin has not utterly pulled it down. It has destroyed most of the battlements and has undermined and is still undermining the walls in some places, especially on the south.

Architecturally the great gate-house with its two staged and machicolated towers eighty feet high, its recessed windows, its cross-shaped arrow shoots, and, aloft, the sculptured alant of the Fiennes holding their banner is

the most imposing part of the great building, which largely depends on this frowning member for its effect.

An examination of the plan as a whole reveals the surprisingly large proportion of the rooms devoted to the service of house and estate, and the relatively small part available for the entertainment of the family and their guests. On the ground floor the great hall, the chapel and three parlours, together not more than one-sixth of the indoors area, were all that did not belong to the household. Upstairs little more than half the accommodation was reserved for the family and their guests. It is evident that when all these rooms and corridors had been destroyed it would be useless and foolish to rebuild them. They were necessary for a household of very different type from one existing under modern conditions. What life at Herstmonceux was like in the seventeenth century may be partly deduced from the household account books from August, 1643, to December, 1649, which have been preserved. Those were troublous times, but



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THE BACK OF THE GATE-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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HERSTMONCEUX: THE MULLIONED BAY OF THE LADY'S BOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Francis Lord Dacre was a Parliamentary, and did not suffer like the loyal aristocracy. At that time the number of servants was in all thirty-four. This included two gardeners, who had some outside help, coachman, falconers, farmhands, porter, baker, brewer, and nine women. In a week at the end of August, chosen by chance, they consumed twenty-four stone of beef (some weeks fifty stone), three sheep and other meats, two dozen pigeons, ten dozen teal, a lot of fish, 850 prawns, 48lb. of butter. They sent to Maidstone and bought 320 "apricocks," 100 quinces, and so forth.

portion of the inner wall of the chambers in the south wing immediately east of the gate-house. The former subdivisions of the area included within the great square were gone or could be traced only by foundations. A few stood somewhat higher. It was possible to identify the position of most of the downstairs divisions by aid of the plan. The south façade, especially that of the great gate-house, was fairly complete with the turrets somewhat abbreviated. The garden was an orchard. The whole place was a trippers' tea-garden. The process of decay was



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THE GREEN COURT.

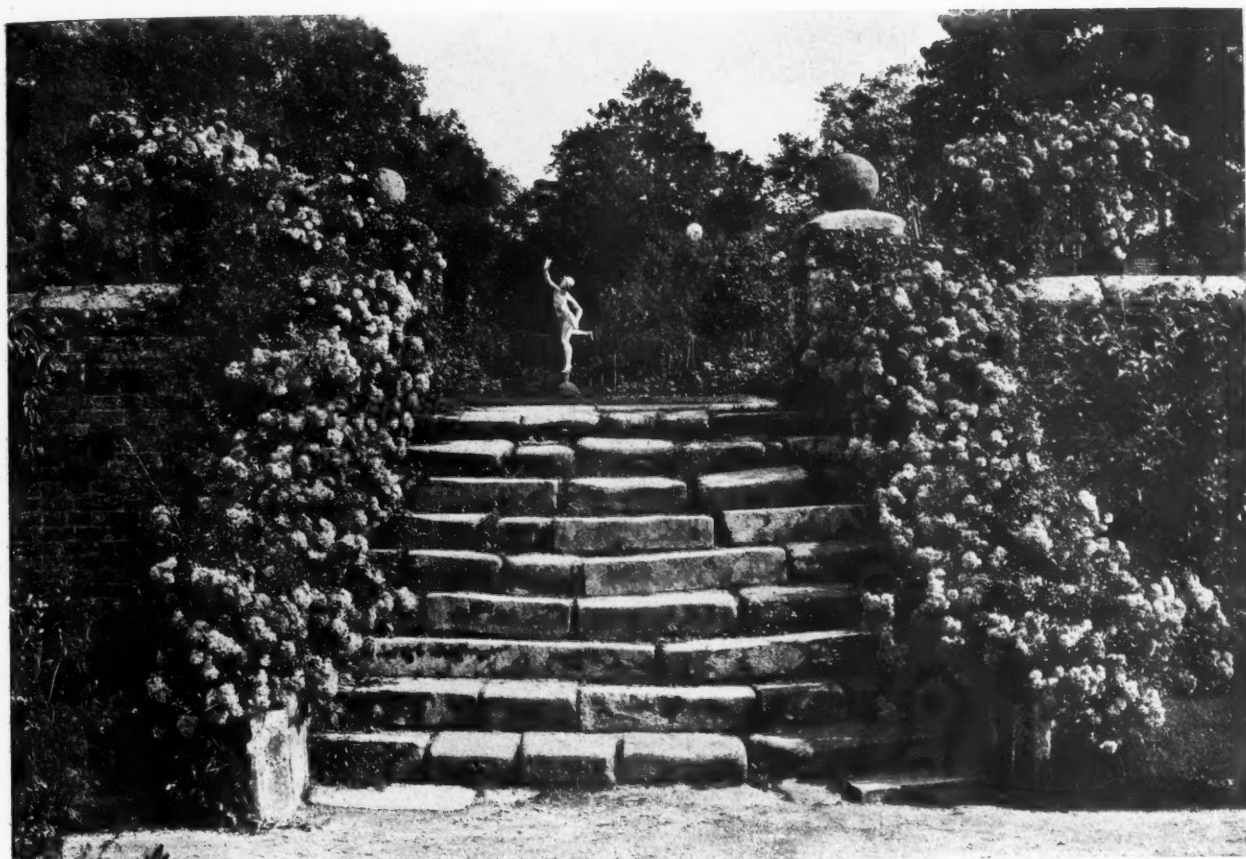
"COUNTRY LIFE."

In a December week in which they had forty visitors only four dozen and 4lb. of candles were burnt. They must have gone early to bed and waited for dawn. They entertained numbers of visitors, and neighbours dropped in for meals continually. The amount of space required for the collection, storing and preparation of food was thus necessarily large.

When Colonel Claude Lowther obtained possession of Herstmonceux Castle about five years ago it was in the condition of utter ruin described in the previous article. The great outside wall was fairly complete, so was the skeleton of the gate-house tower, and there remained a

proceeding apace: portions of the great wall fell every year. The days of the ruin were numbered.

There was, therefore, no reason for attempting the reconstruction on its old lines of what had vanished. To Colonel Lowther the beauty of what remained was its attraction, and his view of what he ought to do was to save and repair all that existed in sufficient completeness to be worth saving; and as for the rest, to start anew and build what he pleased or needed for the purposes of a home, concerned only to observe one condition—that the effect produced by his work should be beautiful. That condition has certainly been fulfilled under the superintendence of his architect,



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STEPS TO THE UPPER GARDEN.

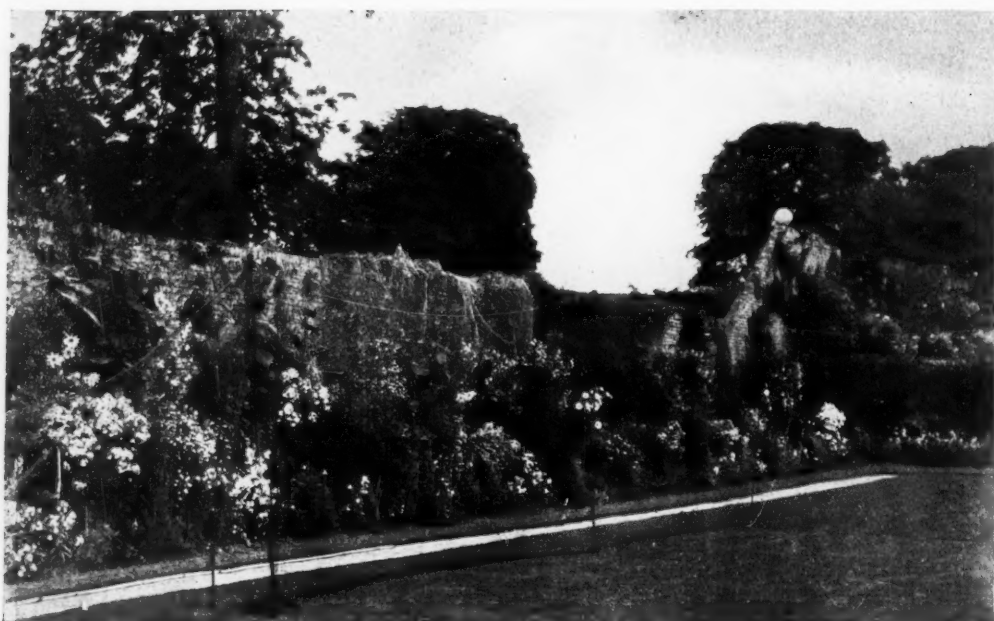
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN THE UPPER GARDEN, LOOKING SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FLOWER BORDERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NORTH TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Powell. The shapeless ruins contained quantities of the original bricks which could be employed for repair of broken walls, battlements and towers. Workmen were trained to build in the old fashion with the old materials, and before very long the great south façade and its splendid gate-house were standing once more complete and strong. The fallen parts that had to be replaced were, in fact, insignificant—portions of machicolation and the tops of some turrets—and could be renewed with old materials so that the mends hardly left a scar.

The gate-house itself likewise only needed repair. All its walls remained and a considerable part of the vaulted roof of the ground floor, the windows also and doorways. Thus the Drummer's Hall and the chamber above it became serviceable once more on their old lines, but with this difference, that the cloister and passage above it which had been backed against the gate-house and the chambers eastward of it were not reconstructed, and thus light could be admitted through newly made windows where the passage formerly blinded the wall. Our view of the back of the gate-house shows its inner archway, two small doors to the left of it, one to the right (hidden by a yew) and beyond that a buttress. This buttress represents the starting-place of the west wall of the cloister of the old Green Court, and the four doors mentioned all opened from the south alley of the cloister. Our view, in fact, is taken from almost exactly the same point as the painting of the Green Court, published in our last number; that is to say, from just outside the old great hall looking across the court toward its south-west corner. It will be noted that many of the original

features reappear in the modern photograph, but that the cloister and gallery over it are gone and the repaired wall has been battlemented as a record states it to have been, though the picture does not. The chambers spreading away to the right, in this same photograph, and beyond are entirely new as far as the inner and here visible wall is concerned; the big bay windows and all other details are of new design. So much for the whole south front of the Castle and rooms existing behind it.

The accommodation thus far provided did not suffice for the owner's needs; but neither had he use for a reconstruction of all four sides of the great square. He therefore decided to confine his work to the erection of wings on the east and west sides of the square respectively, and extending in each case northward about half way along the sides of the old great square. The remainder of those two sides and all the north side were to be left and gardened as ruin. The new left or west wing was obviously the place (as originally) for service rooms. The east wing as obviously offered the best site for the fine reception rooms. That each might be suitably ended with a certain emphasis it was planned to build a new great hall (approximately in the middle of the old west range) at the end of the kitchen wing and to rebuild the chapel to terminate the drawing-room wing. The shell of the great hall was being finished when the war broke out. The chapel remains to be added when peace returns. The old congeries of little courts, passages and buildings which had fallen down were swept away and the remainder of the great interior square not built over was turned into lawn and terminated by the old ruinous outer wall towards the north, north-east and



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IN THE GREEN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE NORTH TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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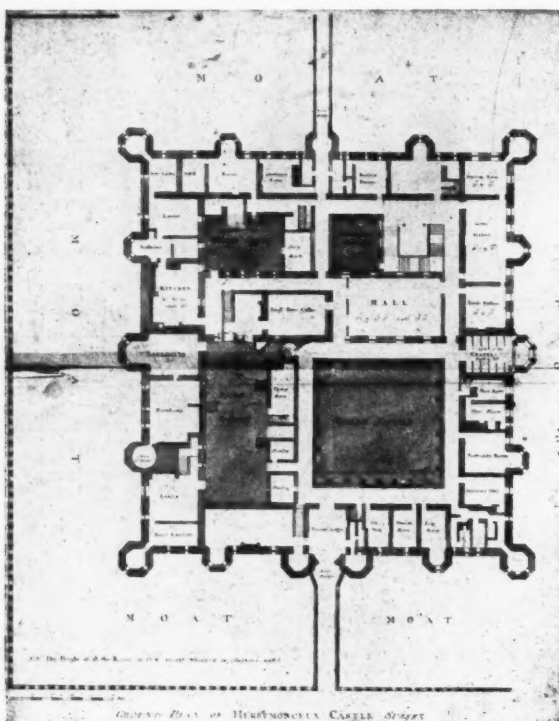
THE NEW BANQUETING HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

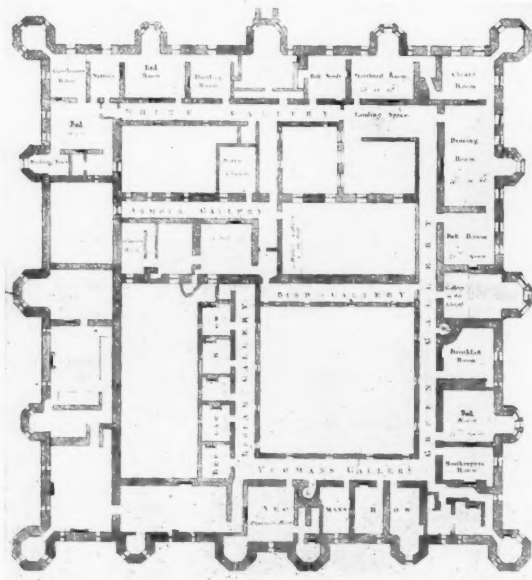
north-west.⁷ A pathway bordered with Irish yews leads across the lawn from the great gate to the postern opposite, through which the garden behind is entered. The external appearance of the new great hall can be plainly gathered from our photograph. It is beautifully built. It makes no pretence to reproduce the old one, which was on a different site and of wholly different design. Colonel Lowther's hall will be much finer than Lord Dacre's and let us hope will stand longer. The design of the traceried windows was inspired by a piece of French woodwork of excellent quality beloved by its owner. The bold buttressing gives to the exterior a monumental aspect.

The ruined north front and garden beyond it must be described here. The postern gateway in the middle of the north façade is the way to the garden which is reached by a bridge over the rear moat. Formerly there was here also a drawbridge defended by machicolations, still evident enough. A few years ago the garden was an orchard. The tangle of old fruit trees has been swept away. The high surrounding walls form a perfect background for a wide herbaceous border whose colours are as carefully planned as those of any room. There is a pathway down the middle, a line of white standard roses on either hand; beyond them clumps of yew hedge and then the lawns and the borders beyond. The path leads at the end to steps with a pool on the upper level and a statue rising out of it. Another lawn and rosary cross the end and we look out through a gap and over a field to woods and sky. Standing on the top of these steps and looking back, the whole north façade is spread before us, too thickly en-ivied for its architecture to be visible.

MARTIN CONWAY.



GROUND PLAN OF THE OLD CASTLE.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

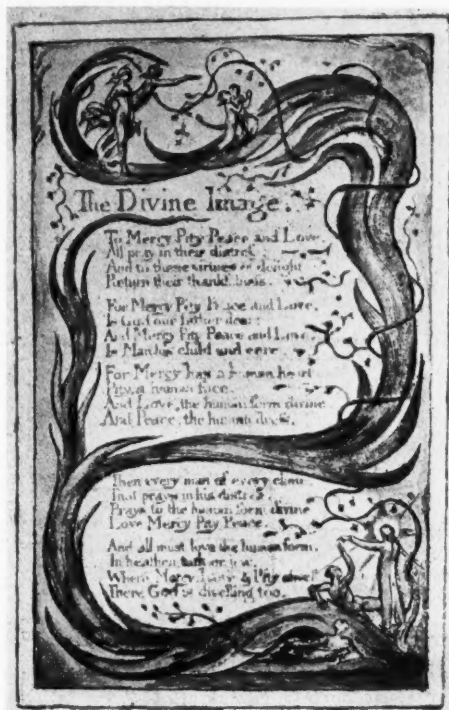
WILLIAM BLAKE: FOR FEW OR ALL?

BY FRANK RINDER.

HAS the art of William Blake anything of immediate fundamental value to bestow here and now on the person of normal intelligence and sensibility? From his world of vision did he call forth into form and colour images which, quite straightforwardly considered, are potent to quicken, enrich and uplift consciousness, to minister to the real life, the enduring needs of ordinary men and women?

The question may occur to readers of COUNTRY LIFE in connection with the sale at Christie's on Friday next of a notable series of works by the artist. A word as to this collection. In 1818 John Linnell, then a struggling young artist of twenty-six, was by George Cumberland introduced to Blake, who was sixty-one. Coming to know that, despite well nigh unexampled industry, Blake failed to earn the two or three pounds necessary for the modest weekly outgoings of his faithful wife, Catherine, and himself at 3, Fountain Court, Strand, Linnell, with remarkable foresight and generosity, and, too, with imaginative understanding, gave the elder man several important commissions. Ninety-eight large drawings illustrative of Dante's "Divine Comedy"—seven only of which he lived to engrave—were the

first result. Rightly to design them Blake taught himself enough Italian to appreciate the original text. Then, from expressly made water-colours based on the earlier Butts set, he carried out a long-cherished desire, and engraved twenty-one Inventions on the Book of Job. But for Linnell's timely encouragement and aid then, Blake's



PAGE 18.—"SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE."

1789. 8vo., "Illuminated Printing." (Linnell Collection.)

final years might have been years of material destitution and artistic barrenness. After a century of possession by the Linnell family, these commissioned works, together with other characteristic drawings and prints, six of the rare books in "illuminated printing," MSS., studies and stray sheets are to be offered at auction.

And of the question with which I started? If the just answer be "No," the inference should certainly not be blinked. In that case, Blake, who declared "my business is to create," failed in his "business," and the so nearly forgotten pauper's grave in Bunhill Fields is adequate to his deserts. I hold that the issue can be weighed by thinking persons who are not connoisseurs; for, though as in every domain knowledge be power, art is no arcanum demanding special faculties of the initiate. By an enlightened captain of industry, Lord Leverhulme, art has just been named as one of the seven pillars of national and individual prosperity and happiness. Emphatically it appeals to what may be called intensified common-sense. To distinguish between true and false art is as easy, or as difficult, as so to distinguish in the sphere of thought and action. Briefly, either art, as a synthesis of life, is indissolubly related to the substance of experience—Socrates taught that its true principle is to give life—or at



PAGE 9.—"AMERICA."

1793. 4to., "Illuminated Printing." (Linnell Collection.)

any rate now, in time of national travail, it is superfluous. Technical skill is an undeniable asset, but such skill has full scope only when used to express verities of the spirit, to summon in us nascent, half-perceived realities. Clearly



PAGE 1.—"EUROPE."

1794. 4to., "Illuminated Printing." (Linnell Collection.)



PLATE XVIII.—"BOOK OF JOB."

1825. Copper engraving, 8½ ins. x 6½ ins. (Linnell Collection.)

and convincingly Leonardo da Vinci noted in his commonplace book that a good painter's chief quest is and must always be "man and the intention of his soul."

If, however, there be those who maintain that pictures are just for the entertainment of the dilettante, let them reflect on the loss to mankind's heritage had there been, for instance, no Michelangelo, no life-fathoming Rembrandt. To most the language of design and colour is less direct, less easily understood, than the written word or music. Yet its goal, surely, is the same: to unify thought and feeling, to breathe into our consciousness the breath of living truth. "The things that must be are so strangely great." Whether as poet or designer, Blake again and again claimed to recover



PLATE XIV.—"BOOK OF JOB."

1825. Copper engraving, 8 ins. x 6½ ins. (Linnell Collection.)

and present to us certain of those great things. Few, probably, will dispute the claim in so far as it relates to some of the lyrics in "Songs of Innocence and Experience," deathless songs at once simple and strange, child-pure and exalting. On the other hand, there is still much scepticism as to whether Blake as an artist was more than an ill equipped, ill balanced, nay, self-deluded visionary, unable to give authoritative shape to his imaginings. George III speaks for many in the present when, on some designs of Blake being brought before him, he threw up his hands in bewilderment and exclaimed, "Take 'em away, take 'em away!"

In order not to lose our survey it is essential frankly to recognise that William Blake (1757-1827) was no flawless wonder-worker, throughout inspired, finely disciplined and poised. The son of a fairly prosperous hosier of Broad Street, Golden Square, his general education was scant, his training in philosophy, as should be noted, nil. Crabb Robinson, who alone of those who knew him—and on slightest acquaintance—called Blake mad, was nevertheless deeply impressed by the prophetic character of his mind. Without exception, moreover, the poet-artist's intimates saw in him a flame-like, transcendent being, yet one indubitably sane. To assert that he lacked the universality which enters so largely into the substance of Shakespeare's genius is merely to point to a



PAGE 70.—"JERUSALEM."

1804. 4to, uncoloured. (Linnell Collection.)

limitation common to most poets and artists. Blake was violent, but was it not chiefly in scorn of inertia and other forms of mental "opacity"? In vehement terms he denounced Rembrandt and the painters of the Venetian School. But had he any real opportunity to know their worth? Affecting immediately Blake's place in art are signal faults in many, one may say in most, of the designs. "Born with a different face" in an age against whose prevailing temper he revolted, there was no vital tradition in art such as helped nobly to mould even average craftsmen in mediæval times. For a man of his partial education, his originating intensity the choice lay between utter self-dependence, however imperfectly guided, and pseudo-classical chaos. Too readily accepting, perhaps from the then popular prize-ring, exaggerated types of physical energy, some of his grandest designs are marred by inexpressive muscularity, unforgotten by anatomical knowledge. Instead of the profound simplicity aimed at, he repeatedly impairs his inventions by imperfectly realised, actually distorted, modelling. Had Blake lived a century later, in the England that has become a treasure-house of the world's art, the gain to his taste would have been considerable, though we cannot estimate the extent of the possible loss to the uniqueness of his genius.

Emphatically and without exception, however, merits outweigh defects.

Conceding the utmost, what remains to support the hypothesis that we have in Blake an artist of indisputable genius, perhaps, indeed, the incomparable designer of the British School? As a small yet representative part of the available evidence I direct attention to the nine works illustrated, typical of several of Blake's phases of development

"possess my visions and peace." In a sense, as Keats knew, that which is creative must create itself. Apart from innate endowments, ever incalculable, arid indeed seems the soil whence sprang up and unfolded the at once tender and mighty art of this seer. From creative looms, where Nature's warp and weft are transvalued to imperishable purpose, he interweaves into the fabric of consciousness thoughts and aspirations that "lie burning on the divine hand,"

thoughts that may be we rejected erstwhile and that return to us with new and sovereign majesty.

Often discarding formal beauty, and always using the figure as an instrument of expression, Blake's appeal, direct and potent, is to the ray of understanding light in every man. "Where there is no vision the people perish," he read in the Book of Proverbs. Day by day meditating on the literature of the Old Testament—no inconsiderable part of our inner heritage—he identified himself with many of its tremendous ideas, portents, images, and, as no other artist of the British School, discovered for them design-equivalents. The heavens, great waters, the everlasting hills, tongues of fire, life and death, iniquity and righteousness: for the burden of such sonorous, haunting, spirit-liberating words he repeatedly found symbols, grand and authoritative.

I leave the illustrations to convey their own message, adding but a brief note on each, taken in chronological order. "The Divine Image" a page from "Songs of Innocence," was designed, engraved, printed and coloured in 1780, when Blake was thirty-two. In the lyric, vital design, which gives the poem a new significance, we should not fail to note the miniature figure of Christ, the benediction of whose pity and peace rests on every visible being and thing. From "America," 1793, comes the Arcadian page with the trees on whose slender, outstretching branches, tremulous with gladness, are birds of Paradise that call us to participate in the serene quietude of the sleepers beneath; from "Europe," 1794, its frontispiece, the vast and primal "Ancient of days" with the compasses "prepar'd in God's Eternal Store, to circumscribe This Universe, and all created things." "Nebuchadnezzar," 1795—one of the large "printed drawings," examples of which in colour vary greatly—declares Blake's capacity to image a tortured being, his soul imprisoned, who, deprived



"NEBUCHADNEZZAR."

1795. Coloured print, 16½ ins. × 23½ ins. (Mr. W. Graham Robertson.)



"ELOHIM CREATING ADAM."

1795. Coloured print, 17½ ins. × 12½ ins. (Mr. W. Graham Robertson.)

from 1789 onward to 1825. I affirm that now in joy-communicating innocence fresh as dews of dawn, now in deep probing of spiritual problems in this our "penetralium of mystery," the designs, bereft though five of them are of colour, prove Blake's greatness. In rare degree his elemental powers enabled him to do what he sang, "To see the world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wild flower;" to

of imagination, reverts in his agony to worse than bestial wildness. "Elohim Creating Adam," 1795, another of the printed drawings, exists only in the example, now Mr. W. Graham Robertson's, for which Muster-master Butts paid Blake 21s. in 1805. What an awe-inspiring, stupendous image of the evocation of man from the toils of matter! The page with the massive arch, the diminutive figures and the

darkened sun, a colossal simplification worthy of the builders of Stonehenge or even Carnac, is from "Jerusalem," 1804.

Two designs are from the "Book of Job," 1825, a consummate achievement, compare it with what we will in art. At a time of national stress as now, the tides of life had swept about and through Blake, whom we here see, after intense, profoundly shaping experiences, "gentle, strong, valiant," to use the words of a friend. In his domain of designer he is become priest and king. Never in a design, perhaps, has infinity—and, too, immortality—been more wondrously

suggested than in that of "The Sons of God Shouting for Joy." In the ultimately engraved version, though in neither of the sets of drawings, the linked arms of the cherubim reach forth at either side as though to encircle and unite into one gloriously reverberant song even the nethermost parts of creation, a creation imaged in the lovely borders, done direct on to the copper plate without preliminary studies. In "Job Sacrificing," his sovereign gesture, the bowed figures, the upleaping flame, and again the borders, combine to form a commanding symbol of purified, selfless and fruitful supplication.

LITERATURE

Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin, by Louise Creighton. (Longmans.)

MR. THOMAS HODGKIN did not, perhaps, rank with the giants of the nineteenth century, but there were not many who lived a fuller and more interesting life. His name is closely associated with Northumberland, but in reality he was a Londoner, born at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, when Tottenham was still a pleasant country village. His birth occurred on July 20th, 1831, and he did not die until the year before the war, so that his period was that of the Victorian Era.

His childhood is interesting chiefly as illustrating educational methods in the early days of Queen Victoria. His father, a man of substance in thought as well as in material matters, early conceived the ambition to make his son a classical scholar, and Thomas, who responded readily to the stimulus, began Latin when he was only five. Afterwards he attended various schools and collegiate institutions. His life at a university college brought him into contact, among others, with the late Lord Lister, whom he described as being then "the embodiment of gentle and modest wisdom."

He astonished them all by standing up one day at the Friends' Meeting and uttering the words, "I will be with thee and keep thee: fear thou not." This conduct in those days seemed to be "something awful, ascetic, in so young a man which quite cut him off from his contemporaries and from the world of common men."

Another celebrity with whom he made early acquaintance was Shorthouse, who afterwards was to become the author of "John Inglesant." Hodgkin, it is scarcely necessary to say, was born a Friend, and it is this fact that brought him into touch with the brilliant author. The circle of Birmingham Friends had an Essay Society, and in it Shorthouse

distinguished himself both by the elaborate care he bestowed upon the essays and his dandified dress. . . . Looking back, Hodgkin felt that he was an unrecognized genius and we were the thickheaded Philistines.

The boy's career was long in doubt. At first his father destined him for the Law, but a breakdown of health owing to overwork put that scheme out of court, and eventually he went to Whitehaven into a banking house, thus becoming associated with the business that became his for life. In due time he began to look out for an opening on his own account, and at that time Priestman, who conducted a private bank at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and was thinking of taking younger partners with capital to carry on the business, made an offer to young Hodgkin, which was eventually accepted, and the bank thus founded became a very important one in Northumberland. Eventually it was taken over by Lloyds—a matter of satisfaction tempered with grief. Hodgkin was devoted to banking, but by this time his versatile genius had ranged over many fields, and he welcomed the prospect of leisure.

Human interest in his life centres, naturally, round the three Northumbrian homes with which he was connected in succession. The first was at Chollerton, a charming village on the North Tyne. The situation suited him exactly. It enabled him to pass easily backwards and forwards to his office at Newcastle, and at the same time brought him into close touch with one of the most fascinating objects of antiquarian study—the Roman Wall. In addition to that he found the Tyne Valley rich in other archaeological curiosities, and at Chollerton he learned to love Northumberland, and he held that "county for county not even Cornwall surpasses it." But as time went on and his family grew up, the little house proved insufficient to his wants, and accidentally he came to know that he could get a lease of Bamborough, that famous castle on the Northumbrian coast some twelve miles south of Berwick built by King Ida, and full of historic

associations. His love for Bamborough became a passion with him. Mrs. Creighton says:

For a historian it would have been hard to find a more fitting home than the glorious keep of the castle on the great rock, the home of Ida and the famous line of kings who followed him. The great castle rock towers over the little village of Bamborough. The cliff, that faces inland, as do most of the Northumbrian heughs, the local name for such hills, is absolutely perpendicular, a serried row of basalt columns, above which rise the castle walls. On the sea side the sand has been driven in and has covered the old foundations of the Castle. The sand-hills with their coarse grey grass, golden in the summer with sheets of ragwort, stretch away on either side, with beautiful expanses of firm sand below reaching to the edge of the sea. The Keep, a vast donjon dating from Norman times, stands in the castle courtyard, quite detached from the other buildings. This was the part of the Castle rented by Hodgkin. From its windows could be seen the great expanse of the North Sea, deep blue when the wind lies in the north-east, with its endless variety of turquoise blues and soft greys on quiet days, its wild storms of angry steely waves in the fierce winds of February and March. To the west rises the long back of Cheviot and north-west the beautiful outline of the Kylee Crags running out almost to the sea, where lies the flat expanse of Holy Island with its castle on a rock, looking like a smaller Bamborough. To the east may be seen the scattered Farne Islands with their basalt ridges on which thousands of seabirds breed, and to one of which St. Cuthbert fled when he felt that on Holy Island the world was too much with him. Some ten miles to the south, along the coast line, the great tower of Dunstanborough stands out above its basalt cliff.

This is clearly and beautifully put, but we almost like better a description that occurs in one of Hodgkin's own letters:

And then the sunsets and the strange light of the midsummer night over the Northern Sea and distant Holy Island and the faint blue Cheviots—thou canst imagine how all these charm us with a fresh beauty every fine day.

It was a sad day when, the lease having run out and Lord Armstrong wishing to enter into occupation of the castle, Hodgkin had to leave it. The historian and the antiquarian could not, within the four seas of Britain, have found another place more suitable to his temperament.

The next and last of his Northumbrian houses was Barmoor Castle, a modern mansion situated close to the village of Lowick and about sixteen miles from Bamborough. Barmoor too, had attractions for the historian almost as great as the historic castle. Hodgkin, to his friends, became almost a regular guide to Flodden Field, and knew the history of that battle with an intimacy which few reached. He also delighted in Ford Village, and especially the schoolhouse decorated with pictures by the late Louisa Marchioness of Waterford; but, as Scott had said more than a century before Hodgkin's time, there is not a district in England fuller of romance and legend and tradition than that which was stretched out before him from a view seen from the castle grounds.

In all these places Hodgkin lived a reclusive and studious life, and yet he entered into the spirit of his surroundings. We are always hearing of him lecturing here, preaching there, entertaining, visiting, helping, and whatever he did was enlivened by a drollery that was all his own. It was hard to convince the Northumbrians that he was not a native of their county, and yet this social life formed but a very small part of what he was doing.

Early in life he had become fascinated with the problems of old Italian history, and he loved travelling; hence the histories he produced, such as "Italy and Her Invaders," "Battles of the Apennines," "Theodore the Goth" and so on, gave him a very welcome reason for exploring the hills and valleys of that country, which, he said, he could not visit without thinking he had gone back to some older land and clime. Nor was his activity bounded by the confines of Europe. He paid several visits to Australia, and the letters from "down under" are among the most interesting and entertaining in the volume.

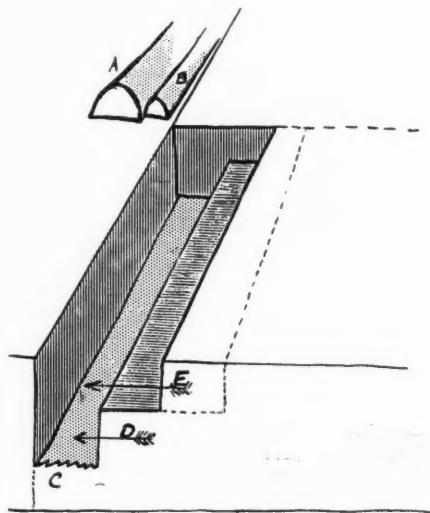
IN THE GARDEN

FULL TRENCHING AND BASTARD TRENCHING.

WHAT is meant by bastard trenching? This question is frequently asked, and, as the work is of great national importance, especially where new ground is being turned over, it may not be out of place to devote a little attention to this time-honoured practice in which many thousands are now engaged. Now, trenching means moving the whole soil to a depth of 2ft. or more. But if the soil has not been worked for generations it would be most unwise to bring the sour subsoil to the surface. This would be a great waste of labour, as many have proved to their cost. No crops will yield good returns if placed in such an unsuitable medium. There are instances all over the country districts where over-zealous workers have fallen into the common error of burying the good soil and bringing unmitigated clay or some other subsoil equally unsuitable to the surface. In such instances the crops have been poor. If half the labour had been expended, the results would have been ten times better. The only course to adopt where such a mistake has been made is to trench the ground again in the hope of bringing some good soil to the surface, at the same time mixing with the soil rough manure, leaves and decayed or soft vegetable matter. A dressing of lime at the rate of half a bushel to the square rod would also improve the soil, but manure and lime should not be added to the soil at the same time. They may, however, be both applied to the same plot at an interval of two weeks or more.

How to Trench without bringing the Subsoil to the Surface.

—This is where bastard trenching comes in, and it is unquestionably the right practice to adopt on a piece of new ground. The accompanying diagram will help to make the subject clear. Commence at one end of the plot—the lower end if the ground is on the slope—and take out a clear trench a yard wide and a foot deep. The soil is placed in a heap shown A in the diagram. Then take out another trench a foot deeper and half the width of the first trench. The soil from this trench is placed at B in the diagram. We now have an open trench in the form of two steps, C, D, E. The subsoil at C is forked up, but left at the bottom of the trench. The second spit, D, is then turned over on to C, and the top soil at E is thrown forward on to D in its new position. This leaves us with precisely the same formation as before, and the work is continued in this way until the whole plot has been turned over. Now, the chief point about bastard trenching is that the soil at C, D and E does not change its relative position. The subsoil C remains at the bottom. The second spit D still remains the second spit, and the best soil at E is kept at the top. Naturally, a good deal of mixing takes place as the work proceeds, and especially so in light soils.



BASTARD TRENCHING.

The right practice on a piece of new ground.

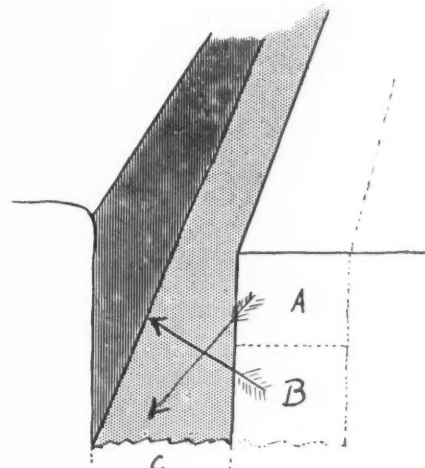
ing up one side and down the other. This is the reason for placing the soil at A and B. The plot in the diagram having been divided down the centre, the soil is placed in readiness for filling in when trenching is completed. With a narrow plot it might be found necessary to wheel the soil taken out from the first trench to the far end of the plot in order to fill in the final trench.

Full Trenching.—The difference between bastard trenching and full trenching is that, whereas in bastard trenching the relative positions of soil and subsoil are unaltered, in full trenching the two top spits at least are transposed. This is made clear in the second diagram. A broad open trench at least 1yd. wide and 2ft. deep is taken out. If the subsoil at C is unsuitable for plant growth it is forked up and left in the bottom

of the trench. The top spit of soil at A is thrown down on to C and the second spit, B, is brought to the surface. The work proceeds in this manner until the plot is finished. When the soil has been deeply worked for years the third spit at C may be brought to the surface; the positions of the surface soil at A and subsoil at C are then reversed. One of the many advantages of deep trenching is that good drainage is ensured and crops do better, whether the season be wet or dry, than they otherwise would.

There are, of course, other forms of trenching. In some parts of the country the term "bastard trenching" implies the working of the soil to a depth of two spits only, an operation that is, perhaps, better known as double digging.

Whatever form of trenching may be carried out, labour will be saved and the work better done by keeping a broad, clear trench when working. Do not bury good manure a yard deep; it is wiser to keep it within 1ft. of the surface.



FULL TRENCHING.

RAISING SEEDLINGS FOR PLOT-HOLDERS.

ONE of the greatest difficulties with which the allotment holder has to contend is that of raising seedling vegetables. In many cases the soil is entirely unsuitable for seed raising, and this, together with the inexperience of the plot-holders, leads to disappointment and waste of precious seeds. It would come as a boon and a blessing to plot-holders if they could be certain of a supply of seedlings ready for planting out at the right time. With Tomatoes it is essential that they should be raised under glass, while Leeks, Onions, Cabbage, Brussels Sprouts, Kales, Cauliflowers and Celery are important vegetables which should be raised under glass and hardened off before planting in open quarters.

It may prove interesting to others to learn how help is given and plants supplied to cottagers in the village of Westcott near Dorking. This village is fortunate in having the guidance of Mr. Mark Webster, a well known gardener, at The Rookery, who is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society's panel of expert gardeners. Mr. Webster makes weekly visits to give instruction and advice to the workers of war-time gardens. He also prepares notes on current work, showing on a blackboard in an empty shop window what, when and how to plant, with other requisite advice on cultivation. From time to time during the autumn and winter months examples of those vegetables most profitable to cottagers for winter use are displayed, also hints on the preservation of vegetables for seed purposes.

Last year, through the kindness of Mr. Webster's employer, seeds and seedlings were raised under glass and distributed free of charge among the allotment workers. Nature, aided by sound cultivation, gave the increase, which has not been small either from an individual or national point of view. Early Cabbage and Cauliflower were picked out under glass by the thousand, Vegetable Marrows were grown in frames on a gentle hot-bed. Similar work is being carried out again this year, and the accompanying form is being distributed among the cottagers:

"Please put a X against the kinds you wish for, and return to the Secretaries. The plants will be distributed at The Rookery Gardens on Friday, May 24th, 1918.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| Broccoli (white sprouting). | Cauliflower plants. |
| Broccoli (purple). | Savoys. |
| Brussels Sprouts | Leek plants. |
| Cabbage plants | Lettuce plants. |
| Curled Kale. | Vegetable Marrows. |

I wish to thank Mr. Preston.

Name.....

Address.....

Secretaries: Rev. T. H. Salzmann and Rev. Heber Rosier."

The cottagers will be advised to reserve a small patch of ground on each allotment for pricking out so that plants may be at hand whenever opportunity and weather are favourable for planting out.

We hope this example may be the means of others doing likewise. The work at The Rookery, Westcott, is all the more praiseworthy as the present garden staff is very low—one man over seventy, one woman and a boy—but, knowing the big things they are up against, they all pull together for the benefit of their fellow-workers. It is by little instances like this that great things are accomplished throughout the country. We hope that this excellent work will be taken up extensively by others.

Seed sowing by the inexperienced is obviously a most wasteful practice and it cannot be too strongly discouraged. There is a scarcity of vegetable seeds and the demand was never greater than it is this spring, so that the strictest economy should

be exercised in sowing. The inexperienced sow far more seed than is required; for instance, 1oz. of Onion seed should produce 1,000 plants, and 1oz. of seed of Brassicas of any kind is sufficient to produce 1,000 plants for transplanting.

In the pressing need for increased food production we see no reason why seedlings should not be raised for sale from private gardens. Neither is there any reason why fruits and vegetables should not be grown for sale in private gardens. It is not sufficient that owners of large gardens should grow for their own use only. Where gardens are large enough they should be turned to profitable account, thereby giving the public the opportunity of purchasing surplus crops in these critical times.

H. C.

ENSILAGE.—IV. A COMPARISON BETWEEN PERMANENT TOWER SILOS & STACKS OR CLAMPS

IN the second article of this series the writer undertook to discuss in greater detail the methods for pressing silage stacks, and since this subject plays a large part in determining the losses of silage in stacks, it will be convenient to discuss the matter in the present article.

Silage Stacks.—These are invariably made from unchaffed material, such as grass, first, or more often second and sometimes third, cut seeds, or oats and tares; but maize is not suitable for this method. Silage stacks should be built upon perfectly level, solid ground. Circular stacks are preferable to rectangular, because it is difficult adequately to consolidate the corners of rectangular stacks, and the outside surface is reduced and consequently there is less wastage. In making stack silage the green crop must not be allowed so much drying as for a tall tower silo, first, because the wetness of the material facilitates the consolidation, and, secondly, because the stack, having a much larger surface than the tower, is more accessible to air, and consequently heating is likely to be more pronounced. If the crop is mature and the weather dry, it should not be left to dry too long; if the crop is succulent, the silage will be improved by drying a day or more in the field. At the same time, quite good silage may be made in stacks if a mature crop is carted in wet weather, provided the building does not proceed too rapidly, because in these cases surplus moisture can readily drain from the bottoms and sides of the heap. The silage will be on the "sour" side, but it will still be good food. It is often advisable to allow a day or two, but not more than three, to elapse between each day's stacking, to allow of heating and settling. In building the stack care must be taken to prevent the sides spreading outwards; preferably they should be slightly drawn in. In order to accomplish this the stack should be kept level, and the sides, as stacked, should be well trodden. As the stack rises, much labour may be saved by using a horsefork, which is a much better implement for lifting the heavy crop than an elevator, because in the latter case the stack is likely to be unevenly trampled. In completing stacking, a layer of nettles or other waste greenstuff should be put over the surface. The conformation on top of the stack should depend upon the method of pressing to be adopted. In some cases boards are placed over the surface and then weighted. In this case the surface should be left perfectly and accurately level, so that when pressure is applied the whole area of the stack is uniformly consolidated. The weighting of the boards in these cases may be obtained by bags of soil, stones or disused iron, or barrels full of water; or, again, timbers or iron rods may be placed across and above the boards with their ends projecting beyond the sides of the stack. Similar rods are placed on the floor of the stack before the stacking commences, then wire hawsers are fixed to the corresponding rods above and below, and pressure is exerted by means of winders or levers specially adapted to the purpose. If these means are used, the stacks should preferably be rectangular. In other cases no boards are placed on top of the stack, but a layer of earth is placed immediately on top; in this case the centre of the stack should be made slightly higher in the centre before the earth is put on. By this means a portion of the rain-water will be shed. Whichever of these means is adopted for pressing, it is well to send a man to trample over the surface occasionally during the first few weeks after stacking. The stack is constantly settling, and such trampling acts like a roller on a field; it presses down the surface by the extra weight, and, after it is so pressed the previous weighting of the stack is sufficient to keep it down.

Clamps.—When silage is made in clamps the same principles apply. The site should be selected on ground where water will not percolate or run into the clamp, preferably on a porous subsoil; then the site of the clamp to a depth of 12 ins. or 18 ins.—having first been loosened with the plough—is shovelled to either side. The silage clamp is then made exactly as a "draw-up" dung heap is made, preferably with intervals to allow the successive layers to heat and settle. The process is continued as high as a pair of horses can draw the loads, and it is advisable to keep the trace-horse at the clamp and lead it along the sides and over the heap during the intervals between the arrival of the full loads. When complete, the ends of the clamp are cut

off and thrown up on top, making the heap slightly higher in the middle and it is well to cover the whole with waste brushings if available. Lastly, after an interval of a couple of days to heat and settle, the loose earth is thrown on top to a depth of 1 ft. or 1½ ins.

SILOS v. STACKS OR CLAMPS.

Capital Outlay.—At the present time cost of materials and labour is so high that unfortunately the capital outlay involved in erecting a permanent silo and in purchasing a chaff-cutter and blower is very great. At present prices a tower silo 34 ft. high by 16 ft. in diameter will cost in the neighbourhood of £350, whether made of wooden staves or concrete, and silo fillers cost approximately £100. If one allows one filler to two silos the capital outlay per silo will be increased to £400. Such a silo will have a capacity of about 130 English tons of silage. If one allows only 10 per cent. as interest and depreciation (a figure that is none too high in view of the probable decrease in cost after the war), the capital charges on each ton of silage made, assuming the silo is filled each year, amount to nearly 6s. (Before the war the cost per ton amounted only to about 2s.) When silage is made in stacks and clamps, the capital outlay is extremely small; in some cases nil—in others, perhaps, the cost of a horsefork and the boards and pressing apparatus, if used.

Convenience in Harvesting.—On large farms with ample staff the process of filling can be organised economically, and, provided no breakages occur to the cutter (a frequent source of trouble are stones picked up with the crop, which break the knives, etc., and delay is occasioned in getting spare parts), the operation is not more costly than making silage stacks, except for the hire of engine and coal to drive chaff-cutter, amounting to about 1s. 6d. per ton of silage at present prices. In making silage clamps a man or two will be saved in the stacking or filling, but an extra trace-horse is required for drawing over the heap. It is to be noted that, whether in stacks or silos, care must be exercised in stacking or filling, otherwise unnecessary losses by moulding will occur.

Wastage.—In our argument we may leave out of account the wastage of food value which always occurs during the fermentation, because the losses in both silos and stacks, assuming equal degrees of heating, will be the same. The wastage, however, in moulding and rotting is very different. In a well constructed silo the wastage from these causes should be very small, and is confined (if proper precautions are taken) to the comparatively small surface on the top of the silo. In our silo at Cambridge the percentage loss last season would have amounted to only 1½ per cent. if the silo had been completely filled. The losses from stacks and clamps vary very greatly under different circumstances. In one case which I saw last year no trouble was taken to press the silage clamp after making, and the loss was fully 50 per cent. of the whole crop. Such a loss, of course, is unnecessary. I know of no exact figures for the normal wastage from mould and rotting in stack silos, but commonly one foot depth is spoilt over the surface and round the sides. The density of these outsides is nothing like so great as in the centre of the heap; it varies probably from one-half to three-quarters the inside density. Assuming that these figures are approximately correct, that one foot depth is spoilt of the surface and sides, and that the density of the waste is equal to half the density of the middle of the stack, the wastage on a stack 20 ft. in diameter and 10 ft. high would be 15 per cent. of the whole, which wastage might increase the cost of production on the good silage by about 3s. per ton.

Feeding.—Chaffed silage as made in the tower silos is very easy and convenient to feed, especially if the silo is placed close to the cattle sheds. Stack and clamp silage is not quite so easy to feed; it must be cut out with the hay-knife, after which it can be fed long in racks or mangers, but cannot be used to flavour straw or hay chaff without being first chaffed itself.

In conclusion, while permanent silos will preserve silage more perfectly than stack or clamp silos, it should be remembered that the latter can be adopted for preserving green crops in periods of glut, for which occasional service permanent silos are not economical.

ARTHUR AMOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

ENSILAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the remark in Mr. Amos's first article on ensilage that the Board of Agriculture forbids the keeping of seed-layers down longer than one year, I would suggest in place of the lucerne and Italian rye grass the sowing, immediately after a corn crop is carried, of *Trifolium incarnatum* (20lb.) with a peck of Italian rye grass to the acre. It produces a very heavy crop. One of the best yielded in my knowledge, on poor soil on Asbdown Forest, was ninety two-horse wagon-loads from 15 acres in 1891, notwithstanding the very trying spring of that year, but it was saved by the heavy snow of March. The crop was carried direct to the stack and the seed was put in as soon as the ground had been cleared of an oat crop. For several years oats and the above ensilage crop succeeded each other in the same field with good results. I may mention the drought of 1893 settled the fate of the ensilage crop before May. The *T. incarnatum* proved an irresistible attraction to the wood-pigeons of the district, and gave me good shooting. There was, of course, bastard fallowing as soon as the ensilage crop was off.—E. D. WYLIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on ensilage by the Bursar of Downing College, as some years ago I tried a very similar plan to that depicted in your illustration in *COUNTRY LIFE* of the 23rd ult., the silage being packed into a brick building with concrete walls to make a smooth surface. After the building had been filled up at intervals I put boards on the stuff and then had heavy weights put on to press it down; but the result was not satisfactory, as there were quite 6ins. or 8ins. of bad stuff all round the edges, and a good deal on the top as well. I tried this a second year with similar results. I then took to making the silage in the field where it was cut, and carted it direct to an oblong pit where it was stored in the same way in which a muck heap is made, the carts leading over the stuff each time. When all the grass was finished the ramps at each end were thrown on to the top, and after about three days the whole was covered solid with earth. If there were any nettles or rough grass from hedges, etc., it was put on the top. In the winter this was cut out and chaffed with oat straw and fed to cows and other stock. It was quite sweet, a most excellent food, and there was practically no waste anywhere. I am convinced that this method of making silage is the cheapest and simplest possible, and can be carried out anywhere without expensive machinery of any sort. I may say I adopted this plan for some years and never had a failure, and I carted the grass wet or fine. If you think it worth while to publish this in your paper, possibly my experience may be of use to others.—HERBERT GARNETT.

A CROP FOR WASTE GROUND: NUTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Cob nuts and filberts are valuable food, as vegetarians have proved. Now that meatless days are *de rigueur* they should be greatly in demand. A nut contains a supply of food for the embryo plant which is also a nourishing food for mankind. Should the war be prolonged (which Heaven forefend!), the fortunate possessor of a plantation of nut trees will have cause to think himself a highly favoured person. Nuts need not displace other crops, as they flourish on land with little or poor soil, though they prefer a good friable loam above limestone. In cold clay the nut tree refuses to flourish, but it takes kindly to all other soils. Corners in gardens given over to rubbish heaps, or shaded by trees, are suitable places in which to plant nut trees. Vegetable crops cannot be grown to advantage in the shade, so the nuts would not displace them. If grass land in orchards of standard trees were dug up and the space planted with nut trees, more ground would be utilised. It is true that nuts cannot be relied upon to produce crops each year; neither can plums, apples, nor pears. Great points about nut trees are that they thrive on otherwise useless ground; and they do not require continual spraying, which is essential for other fruit trees. November and early December are the best months for planting trees, but if it has been impossible to prepare the ground or to procure the trees in those months, they may be planted in open weather later. The bush form of tree is the best. The strong suckers from the centre of the tree should be cut out; the leading shoots cut back to a wood bud as in apple trees. The laterals should be pruned in February when in flower. A little study is required to produce the best crops of nuts. The trees produce two distinct forms of flower, one male and one female. The former is ripe and loosely hanging late in winter, thus enabling the wind to scatter the pollen grains. The female flower has a crimson pistil, and is a tiny thing of beauty. The short laterals bear the nut-producing flower. Hence the delay in pruning until the pollen has reached the female flower. Should the bushes be too thick, they should be thinned in winter. Young nut trees should be cut back to make side shoots until about a dozen are formed. These should radiate round the centre, where no growth is allowed. Nuts are propagated by layers and suckers. They require no manure for the first three or four years, but after that a little farmyard manure may be given. The old filbert is now little grown, owing to its being a very poor cropper. The reason for this may be that the female flower develops before the pollen of the male flower is ripe. This could be nullified by intercropping the old filbert with varieties such as Cosford's and Lambert's, both of which produce early pollen. Other varieties of nuts are Duke of Edinburgh, which produces a large nut with a filbert-like flavour; and the Prolific Filbert, which is the earliest nut to ripen. It is a small nut, but is ready about three weeks before the other sorts.—E. V. SLADE.

FEEDING PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Austria, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland and the Tyrol, where an immense number of pigs is kept, there is little or no difficulty in feeding them. Villages combine to employ one or more men, as may be necessary, as swine-

herds. These men call each morning for the villagers' pigs and drive them to their feeding grounds on the mountain side and in the woods. They remain in charge until nightfall, when the pigs are driven home in a compact body to spend the night in their respective sties. In the United States large numbers of pigs are practically grass fed, and both lucerne and alfalfa grasses are grown for this express purpose. In this country and in Scotland and North Wales there are vast areas of barren and uncultivated land which, though not suitable for cattle, would do very well for grazing pigs, so long as the pigs are not ringed through the snout and are thus free to dig up roots and otherwise forage for themselves. Land so used for pig grazing is known to be much improved. Why should not something similar to the Continental plan be adopted in this country in villages having access to suitable land? It would certainly do a good deal towards helping us out of the threatened shortage of meat during the next autumn and winter.—M. W. FOYS.

COTTAGERS' PIG FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many letters and articles have appeared on this subject, but all seem to have missed the most important point of all—that the cottager is a most conservative person and likes to have his own say on the subject and will not be driven nor led concerning his "way about pig keeping." No two cottagers will feed a pig in the same way so as to ensure "streaky bacon," for one will insist on feeding up for one week and putting the pig on short commons the next, and in the ensuing week giving the pig acorns, bits of coal or cinders from the fire-grate to "fettle its stomach." The country cottager will not go on the co-operative system as regards feeding; he has his own methods and sticks to them, and with the help of his garden patch has always a couple of sides of bacon and two hams hanging in the house-place and, besides, will feed up and sell one or two pigs for the market. No; he will only "co-op" in the matter of a pig club, which provides for the pig doctor and loss in case a pig is ill and dies. He gladly enters his pig in the club at the middle of June and will pay so much a week till December. As a rule he can doctor his own pig and will take all other risks, and what he likes best of all is to take his young sow to the boar and see to the farrowing, rearing, feeding and right through to the end, except the killing, for he was born with the instinct in him for it all.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

TUNGSTEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The reference to tungsten in the article on the development of the Duchy of Cornwall and to the part the Germans have taken in the use of tungsten in the manufacture of steel gives rather an incorrect impression. The writer of the article says "it was not until the eighties of last century that the Germans discovered the extraordinary value of tungsten, the product of wolfram, in the manufacture of steel implements and machine tools." Tungsten was used in Sheffield many years before 1880, but the great impetus to the wolfram industry was brought about by an Englishman, Mr. R. F. Musket, who in 1868 brought out a new steel (containing wolfram) which did not require hardening in water or oil, and which was the forerunner of the high speed steel for lathe tools, etc., so extensively used in munition and other engineering shops at the present time. Mr. Musket obtained his supply of wolfram (in 1868 and before) chiefly from the East Pool mine in Cornwall, where it was accumulated as a (practically) useless material. It was almost pure WO_3 and contained very little tin. Subsequently, the quality of the ore deteriorated and refining for steel making became necessary. It was at that point where the Germans began to take a hand in the business—they did not discover the value of tungsten in the manufacture of steel—and monopolised the production of tungsten powder (96–98 per cent. WO_3). There was, indeed, an English company which, in London, produced tungsten powder, but it was not backed up by the steel manufacturers and, consequently, came to grief financially. However, the production of tungsten powder is no longer a German monopoly. When this war began the English (chiefly Sheffield) steel manufacturers combined and erected refining works at Widnes, where, it is gratifying to know, tungsten is produced of a much better quality than that previously supplied from Germany. Which is only another evidence of what English chemists can achieve when backed by adequate capital.—STEEL MANUFACTURER.

GRAIN STACKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If not causing you too much trouble, would you kindly tell me why farmers are permitted to build their grain stacks on the ground and thus give board and lodging, at the country's expense, to large numbers of rats and mice?—JOHN A. HAY.

[Our correspondent directs attention to a cause of very great loss. We have personally seen 300 rats killed in one stack.—Ed.]

A GULL'S PERSEVERANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The scene is the shore of the Winal peninsula. A hungry sea-gull dives down on a very large and succulent cockle. He picks it up and flies off with it. But it is far too large for the transport capacities of his narrow bill, and he has to drop it before he has gone very far. Coming to the ground again, he makes a second attempt to carry it home, for he is either an epicure wishing to enjoy a feast in his snug domicile, or else an unselfish head of a family anxious to share all his gains with the little ones. Again and again he dives from a great height with unerring accuracy; and it is not till he has made seven vain attempts to carry off the prime cockle in his bill that he gives up. Carrying it to a stone near by, he cracks it and consumes it on the premises. Not quite so instructive or so nicely rounded off as the story of Bruce and the spider, but at least one may say of the poor gull, as of many a human brother, "Well tried."—CAROLINE M. WHEELER RYAN.

FOLIAGE IN THE NESTS OF HAWKS.

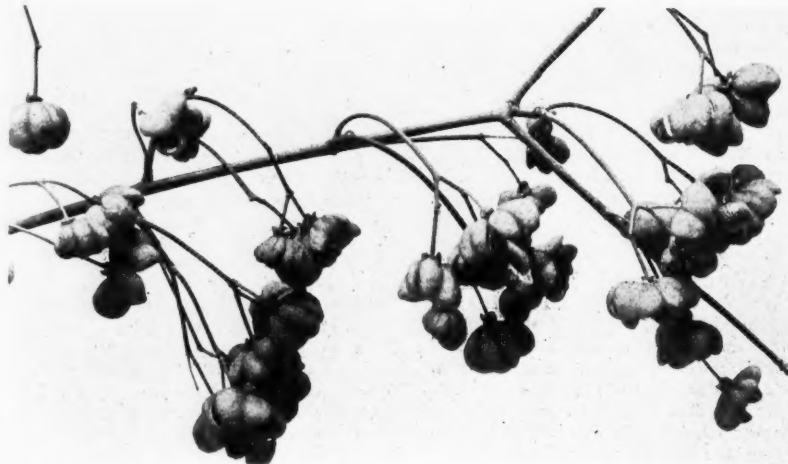
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with great interest Mr. Arthur Brook's observations accompanying the splendid photographs of the buzzard feeding its young, published in your issue of December 29th, 1917. I was particularly interested in his reference to the habit of the female bird bringing to her nest a large spray of mountain ash foliage and to the presence in the nest of a considerable quantity of the leaves of the mountain ash, this foliage being brought from the time the eggs are laid until the young are able to fly. In explanation of this peculiar habit Mr. Brook offers the following suggestion: "Probably they [the sprays of foliage] are brought for decorative purposes, but I am inclined to think it is to keep the flies away. Anyway, during the considerable time I have spent hidden near buzzards' nests I have seen very few flies around the food!" Peculiarly enough, certain of the Canadian Buteos, such as the red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) and Swainson's hawk (*B. Swainsonii*), have a similar habit of bringing sprays of foliage to the nest. One of my assistants, Mr. Norman Criddle, who has studied the habits of these birds in Western Canada for many years, has referred to this habit in the case of the red-tailed hawk in a recent article on this species in the *Ottawa Naturalist*, October, 1917. He says: "The curious habit of the old birds in gathering a green leafy bough and placing it in the nest, characteristic of Swainson's hawk also, is very marked in the red-tail, a fresh bough being gathered at least once daily during the time when the young are small. There has been some doubt hitherto as to the cause of this habit, but by observing the nestlings I am led to believe that the bough acts as a sunshade, as the young have been seen repeatedly to pull the bough over themselves and crouch beneath it. Doubtless it also acts as a shield and hides the young from their enemies. The leaves are also occasionally eaten." I am sending herewith a photograph of the nest and young of the red-tailed hawk, taken by Mr. Criddle last summer near his home in Southern Manitoba. It shows at the right-hand side of the front of the nest a fresh leafy twig. Thompson, in his "Birds of Manitoba" (1890), refers to the presence of green leaves in the nest of Swainson's hawk and remarks that when the leaves wilt slightly "they readily flatten down and form a wind-proof screen." As the British buzzard brings leafy twigs to the nest from the time the eggs are laid, as is probably the case with the other species, the



FRESH GREEN LEAVES BROUGHT TO THE NEST BY THE RED-TAILED HAWK.

object, so widespread among the Buteos, should have some common motive and explanation. In the case of the red-tailed hawk the nest is kept scrupulously clean, and there is an entire absence of flies. Is it not possible that the original motive of the habit was the concealment of the eggs—a widespread habit among birds—and that after hatching the young assist the parent in using such a means of concealment and also of shade?—C. GORDON HEWITT, Consulting Zoologist, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.



PRIESTS' CAPS: THE BERRIES OF THE SPINDLE TREE.

PRICKWOOD OR SPINDLE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The interesting note in the "Correspondence" pages, issue January 19th, recalls to mind one of the most beautiful objects of our countryside in the winter months. Whatever its uses may be—and I believe the wood is still in great demand for skewers by cooks and butchers—the spindle tree will always be treasured as one of the most interesting of our native plants. Its

brilliant fruits hang in long clusters in our hedgerows and keep company with the traveller's joy. But the spindle trees are none too common; hence the joy of seeing clusters of their fruits where Nature planted them. I have heard these fruits called priests' caps from their peculiar form—quite unlike that of any other native plant—and suggestive of the biretta worn by the priesthood. The old Greek writer Theophrastus described the berries as poisonous, especially to sheep, and he named the plant *euonymus* after *Euonyma*, the Mother of the Furies in classic mythology. They may be poisonous, but the branching sprays of fruits are very beautiful; as the botanist Dumont elegantly observes, "they spread, by their numerous pendent capsules of a bright red colour or pure white, and their white and orange coloured seeds, some rays of brilliance over the departing season, and recall the remembrance of the fine days of summer."—WAYLAND.

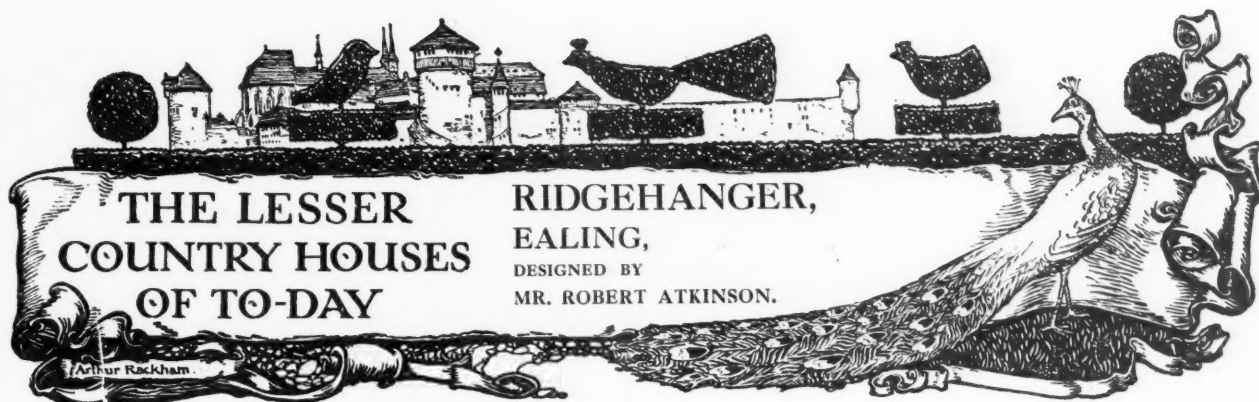
FLOWER PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last spring I photographed some daffodils in a Cheshire garden with, I think, good results, one film being particularly satisfactory. The daffodils are planted under the trees in the grass, the whole covering several acres, and, in full bloom, are a mass of gold. Perhaps the photograph, which, unfortunately, is only able to bring in one of the many bright corners, and was taken by a No. 2 Ensignette camera, 3in. by 2in., may prove charming enough to merit reproduction in your Correspondence pages.—E. I. J.



DAFFODILS, THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES.



ON Mr. Robert Atkinson as Headmaster of the Architectural Association's School of Architecture there rests a heavy responsibility because it is to the skill with which the rising generation of architects is taught that we must look for the re-establishment of a sound English tradition. For the time being, needless to say, the A. A. School is almost without students, but when the young warriors are enabled to lay down their arms they will return to compass and T-square, and a big task will be before them. During the next twenty years millions of people will have to be re-housed in a fashion that will be consonant with the sacrifices they have made in a great cause. No longer will England tolerate to hear of a family living in one room or two. Here will be a task worthy of all the skill and effort that architects can bring to it, a problem not to be solved by reciting pretty phrases about art, but by hard thinking and a logical grasp of the difficulties. As Mr. Atkinson said in a recent lecture on the "Logic of Architecture," logic is simply the use of common-sense and the direct application of reasoning to the main points of a problem in the order of their importance. To understand the forces which produce results the student of architecture must be a student of life also. Next to life, materials influence architecture most, and the progress of evolution in materials, if not in life, has accelerated at an alarming

rate, so rapidly that traditions of design or of expression have been left hopelessly behind.



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The war has so revolutionised the basis of the building industry by creating shortages in certain materials which it will take years to overtake, that the technique of housing will need to be reconsidered *de novo*. It is to be hoped that the re-shaping of the design of small dwellings will be done in that logical spirit for which Mr. Atkinson pleads, but with due regard to those conditions of design, labour and method which cannot be ignored without aesthetic disaster. When we turn to the accompanying illustrations we see that Mr. Atkinson is as good as his word, for Ridgehanger shows a logical solution of the problem of setting an attractive house on a rather narrow suburban site. By planning the house L-fashion, not only has an interesting disposition of the rooms been secured, but also a sheltered terrace on the garden front. Among Mr. Atkinson's lecture aphorisms is this: "Logic is the blending of knowledge of the history of architecture, of knowledge of historical ornament and of draughtsmanship with the requirements of the building, the needs of the people who



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.



HALL AND STAIRS.

"C.L."

will inhabit it." . . . In the case of Ridgeman, one of the needs of Mr. Atkinson's client was that sense of spaciousness which is given by an ample hall and staircase. Ordinarily the devotion of so much cubic space to a feature of this sort is regarded as somewhat of an extravagance, but there is nothing more logical in an architect than to give his client what he wants, and, as in this

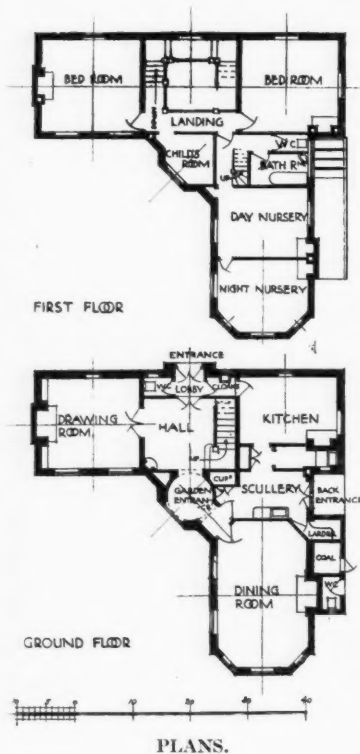
case, with such charming effect. In general treatment Mr. Atkinson has followed those sane and essentially humane traditions which we owe to the eighteenth century. The harmony of tone in the varied colours of the brickwork and the pantiled roof combined with the skilfully contrived symmetries of the fronts and the delicate detail of doors and windows create an effect that is very satisfying.



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